THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 6 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1928.

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In Black, Sand, Gran and Grey. Regular $2.50 a pair.

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Colors Sand, Grain and Grey. Regular $1.25 a pair

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$5.00 Off Ordered Suits and Overcoats

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on SATURDAY, JAN. 14th, 1928, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of T. B. German, 60 John street, Napanee, the following property, namely :

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being, in the Township of Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, lying south of the travelled road crossing said lot, containing forty acres more or less.

Second : The south half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the fourth concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, which lies south of the travelled road crossing said lot containing by admeasurement forty-two acres be the same more or less.

The above is a desirable farm property situated in a good locality, within a distance of about five (5) miles from Napanee and within a short distance of what is known as the Hamburgh road.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Terms of Sale :10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

A baby born in Chicago without brains failed to survive. We know a number of others similarly handicapped who seem to have pulled through very satisfactorily.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

WANTED—A reliable housekeeper. Easy position. Apply to Drawer 180, Napanee, Ont. 4-bp

LOST — Between Napanee and Kingston, two Ford tires, with carrier and light. Will finder please 'phone 67, Napanee.

STORE TO RENT—In Oddfellows' block (formerly Harshaw block) newly decorated, new front. Possession January 1st, 1928. Apply E. J. POLLARD.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASBO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

SOME WONDERFUL TREES

"Whistling Tree" Is One of the Most Peculiar Productions of the Vegetable World.

In an article on the wonders of plant life, Ivy Rogers, a writer in the Popular Pictorial, tells among other things of the "Whistling Tree," recently introduced into Paris and being carefully nurtured there.

The "Whistling Tree," known to the Arabs as the "Sofar," or flute, is one of the most peculiar productions of the vegetable world, its leaves having holes in them through which the wind plays incessantly, producing weird and startling flutings that sound positively uncanny when heard for the first time.

The holes are the work of insects that never fail to perform their boring excavations in the leaves of any "Sofar"—hence the European name of "Whistling Tree." It is, in reality, a species of Acacia that flourishes in Barbados and the Sudan.

No less astounding is the "Angry Tree" of California, Nevada and Arizona, which grows to a height of 10 to 12 feet, and which, if disturbed by the wind, takes no pains to conceal its displeasure, rustling all its leaves with a peculiar rippling movement and filling the air with an obnoxious odor.

And then there is the "Volcanic Tree," indigneous to Japan, which at the sunset hour emits clouds of white smoke from its topmost branches. The cause of the phenomenon is not apparent, but presents a wonderful spectacle, for a tree, when mature, reaches a height of 60 feet, its upper arms being innocent of any suggestion of haze at any other time of the day.

There is a "Burning Tree" in India, its leaves and stem being covered with stinging hairs that are just like red-hot needles to touch, and the pain that results from brushing against them speedily passes all over one's anatomy and lasts for hours.

A most useful plant grows in Mexico, which provides the traveller with a needle and thread ready for any emergency! The "Magney Tree," as it is called, sheaths a slender thorn needle at the top of each dark green leaf, and as this handy implement is drawn out of its case, it unwinds a thread in the form of smooth strong fibre of appreciable length.

And then up in Columbia one finds the "Ink Plant," having a reddish juice that makes an excellent substitute for ink. It will not make steel pens rusty, neither will it smear or become rusty if soaked in water, while the reddish tint passes from the paper on which it has been used after a few hours and slowly turns into black.

In the Prairies of the Far West there flourishes the "Compass Plant," the boon of many a weary and baffled wanderer. A dwarf variety of the Osier, it has a head of yellow flowers which grows about four to six feet from the ground, and basal leaves which present their edges due north and south, thus allowing anyone who has lost his way to steer a steady course, even in the darkness of night.

In Madagascar, one finds the "Traveller's Tree," which stores up in the base of each of its great leaves a quart of cool, fresh water, and as there are at least four leaves on every tree, and therefore four quarts of water, it is an oasis in that dry sunburnt land.

When the natives want water they throw a spear at one of the leaves, which is always above their heads, and then hold a vessel underneath to catch the water trickling down.

Among plant wonders one must not forget the "Caricature Plant" that has curious yellow markings on its dark green leaves which give the impressions of humorous faces grinning satirically at the observer.

These are but a few of the wonderful specimens of the plant world, every division of which yields its own proportion of curiosities, and no doubt in those impenetrable regions of the earth which man has not yet trodden, in the swamp and jungle of No Man's Land lie many other remarkable features of the vegetable kingdom, as yet unknown to the human race.

EDWARD MILLING.

On Dec. 14th, 1927, there passed to his reward Edward Milling, a much beloved Christian gentleman, only recently a citizen of our town, having spent almost all his life a successful farmer in the Township of Richmond. Apparently in his usual health and cheerfulness, he was suddenly stricken, and, after a brief illness of two days, slipped percefully away to the Great Beyond, leaving to mourn his loss his four children, Eugene, of Lindsay, Martha, at home, Mrs. Chrysler, Toronto, and Fred, Toronto. Mrs. Milling had gone on before eleven years ago. Two brothers and a sister also survive : John, Kingston Road ; Robert, of San Jose, and Mrs. Flournoy, of Danville, California.

Mr. Milling was a man of unusual physical strength, boundless energy and great perseverance in whatever he undertook. He had a very high standard of honor and justice, and was broadminded and kindly in spirit toward all. Unselfishness and generosity characterized his everyday life in the home and in the community, endearing him to those who knew him. Many years ago he was converted to God, and through the years his religious life was marked by a simple, strong, ever-increasing faith and confidence in his God, and a deepening love and devotion for His cause.

Service was conducted at the home by Rev. Mr. Pawson, of Trinity United Church assisted by Rev. Mr. Batstone, Selby, and Rev. Mr. Anderson, Newburgh, two former pastors. Interment was made in the family plot at Riverside.

"One less at home :
The charmed circle broken ; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place :
But cleansed, saved, perfected in grace,
One more in Heaven."

One more at home :
That home where separation cannot be ;
That home where none are missed eternally ;
Lord Jesus grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in Heaven."

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Christmas passed very pleasantly. The weather and roads were ideal for the many family parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Couch, of Ottawa, are spending the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Duffett.

There is still very little ice in the Bay of Quinte. It has started to freeze several times but was broken up by the wind.

Our Council this year was elected by acclamation as follows : Reeve—J. S. Johnston. Council—Alex Allen, H. R. Allison, L. Magee, A. B. Sexsmith.

NEWBURGH.

The annual meeting of the W. M. S. of the United Church was held at the home of Mrs. G. A. Dunwoody, Rev. T. H. P. Anderson presiding. The following were elected to office : president, Mrs. T. H. P. Anderson ; vice-presidents, Mrs. John Wartman, Miss Keough ; Corresponding secretary, Mrs. Vandewater ; recording secretary, Mrs. J. Paul ; treasurer, Mrs. Quail ; strangers' secretary, Mrs. Dunwoody ; assistant helper, Miss H. M. Paul ; Mission Band superintendent, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs .Vandewater ; circle leader, Mrs. Wagar and Miss H. M. Paul ; baby band superintendent, Mrs. J. W. Courtney. Regret was expressed at the resignation of Mrs. Courtney and a written appreciation of her faithful services was read. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Frank Gerow.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bray visited in Kingston over last week-end with Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Lee.

Mr. Carroll Anderson, barrister, of Oshawa, was at his home at the parsonage for Christmas. Mr. Douglas Anderson, of Toronto University, also visited his parents, Rev. T. H. P. and Mrs. Anderson.

Miss McSherry, of the High School staff, spent the holidays with friends in Windsor.

Miss Marjorie Hill, R.N., of Niagara Falls, is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Hill.

Mr. H. Cameron, B.A., of Windsor Collegiate, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Graham.

J. W. Cook, of Peterboro Normal School, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowerman spent a few days at Sillsville with Mr. and Mrs. Orison Benn.

Messrs. John and McGillivray Aylsworth, of Toronto, were the guests of their parents for a few days.

Mr. William Mulholland recently received word of the death of his only brother, Mr. James Mulholland, a respected citizen of Peterboro.

Mrs. G. I. Perry, of Morven, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Johnson, last week.

Miss Rook, of Napanee, and Miss Jean Ramsay, of Kingston, were with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ramsay for Christmas.

Find Oil In Moselle, France.

Oil in apparently paying quantities has been struck in the Moselle department, rich in deposits of coal, salt and various minerals. Borings have been made so far over an area of five square miles near Landroff-Daronville at the southern edge of the Lorraine coal field. They give indications of a wide and deep layer of petroleum which it is proposed to exploit industrially at once.

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

REPORT FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

A.—40% of each subject and 75% of the total.

B.—40% of each subject and 60% of the total.

SR. IV.

A.—J. Garrett, L. LeMaistre.

B.—D. Archer, C. Beattie, G. Chambers, E. Fox, L. Fraser, G. Howitt, B. Howitt, B. Milsap, M. Roney, H. Savage, A. Walters, B. Webb.

JR. IV.

A.—M. Owen, D. Loyst, R. Hyland, B. Hyland.

B.—L. VanLuven, M. Drake, H. Norris, B. Denison, B. Boyle, R. McIlwaine.

SR. III.

A.—M. O'Neil.

B.—D. Trumpour, R. Merriam, G Walker, V. Vincent, I. Markle, P. Todd, G. Walters, L. Taylor, A. Deschane, L. Laughland, F. Coakwell, G. Leary, G. Stevenson, S. Thompson, B. Templeton, (B. Warner and F. Babcock) equal ; F. Lucas, D. Knapp.

SR. III.

B.—Doris Moore, Douglas Graham, Illa Cassell.

JR. III.

A.—Elizabeth Madden, Helen Henderson, Enid MacGregor, H. Madden.

B.—George Wilson, Jean Vine, Grant Millar, Iris Seymour, Eric LeMaistre, Doris Stinson.

JR. III—B.

A. — John O'Connor, Willie Kellar, Alan Cornwall.

B. — Betty Webster, Glenn White, Dorothy Owen, Mildred Cooke, Harry Derby, Floy McLaughlin, Clifford Barrett, Irene Murphy, Russell Brown, Vernon Roy.

SECOND CLASS.

A.—B. Beatty, R. Woodger, J. Clarke, G. Markle, I. Storey.

B.—N. Root and R. Edgar equal ; J. Gibbard, E. Elliott, D. Cowling, I. McGee, A. Hearns, L. O'Connor.

FIRST BOOK.

B.—Rita Elliott, Freddie Cassan, Leslie Hearns, Dorothy Markle, Marguerite Curry, Elizabeth Jackson, Donald Reid, Vera Pigeon, Gordon Gilbride.

FIRST BOOK.

Elizabeth Woodcock, J. Coakwell, Robert Wagar, Laurence Markle, Dorothy Plumley, Joe Jocko, Nina Thompson, Douglas Exley, Eva McTaggart, Dale Parks, Arthur Babcock.

SR. PRIMER.

Trevor Pawson, Louise Gilbride, Fred McHoull, Mary Kimmerly, Everett Bowen, Leanore Valkman, Marlyn Benn, Rachel Wheeler.

INTER. PRIMER.

Dorothy Murphy, Madge White, Harold Martin, Raymond Vick, Reggie Vick, Audrey McMillan, Bruce Turner, Marion Vanvolkenburgh.

JR. PRIMER.

Bobbie Smith, Edgar Hearns, Daniel Lloyd, Stewart Storms, Maude Babcock, Joe Wheeler, Mary Wagar.

SR. PRIMER.

Marion Root, Howard O'Connor, Jack Willoughby, Mabel Markle, Mary Buchanan, Edgar Graham, Billy Baker, Eileena Post, Drothy Walker, Ethel McTaggart, Douglas Rendell.

JR. PRIMER.

Doris Rendell, Betty Huffman, Helen Young, Ray Howe, Arthur Loucks, Teddy Cassan, Walter Kimmerly, Jimmy Manser, Jack Huston, Georgie Howie, Douglas McCracken, Gertie Butcher, J. Howie, Clarence Markle.

BEGINNERS.

Wallace Thompson, B. Beaubien, Gerald Hayes, Laura Curry, Peter Waite, Gordon Ker, Helen Pidgeon, Doris Thompson, M. Kellar, Margaret Young, Evelyn Hill, L. Williams, Aileen Thompson, Elden Hearns, C. Thompson, Doris Harrison.

EAST WARD

SR. II.

A.—Edmund Young, Patsy Culhane, Jean Conger, Frank Barrett.

B.—Ivan MacFarland.

JR. II.

B.—Roy Dafoe, Stuart Gilbert.

FIRST CLASS.

A.—Dorothy Thompson, Isabel Norris.

B.—Dorothy Reid, Phyllis Denison, Olga Culhane, Jessie Wagar, Rbbie Russell.

SR. PRIMER.

John Russell, Miles Vine, Ralph Lucas, Billy Moore, Gertrude Thompson, Doris McCabe, Jim Moore, Audrey Lucas, Louisa Babcock, Bily Waitson, Rosalind Mwers, Alice Harmer, Harry Leary

INTER. PRIMER.

Clifford Millar, Jack Holmes, Mary Conger, Eva McFarland, M. Lasher, Russell Thompson, Bernice Young.

JR. PRIMER.

Gerald Kinkley, K. Weiss, C. Millar, Helen Marion Moore, H. Navin, Margaret Waitson, Gladys Learv Jean Neapolis, Verna Stevenson, Helen Thompson, M. Steacy, Helen Mary Moore, Jack Balance, Earl Thompson, Sarah Madden, Mildred Navin, Herbert Henderson.

Official History of the Great War.

Maps to the number of 90,000 and 25,000 boxes of papers are collected at the History Section (Military Branch) of the Committee of Imperial Defence. They are for use in compiling the official history of the Great War, says an Old Country paper, which is not expected to be completed for about twenty years yet.

COUNTY COUNCIL FOR 1928

Adolphustown—J. S. Johnston.

Amherst Island—A. M. Hutchins.

Bath—Geo. Loyst.

Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby—Chas. Both.

Camden—R. J. Cousins, E. J. Judge.

Ernesttown—A. C .Miller, F. Smith.

North Fredericksburgh—W. J. Cark.

South Fredericksburgh—J. B. Elliott.

Newburgh—G. A. Aylsworth.

Kaladar, Anglesea and Effingham—R. J. Campbell.

Napanee—F. S. Boyes.

Richmond—A. C. Tummon.

Sheffield—A. B. Carscallen.

TOWNSHIP RESULTS

BATH.

Reeve—George Loyst.

Council—(Acclamation)—F. G. Hagerman, G. L. Hawley, C. J. Hoselton, M. H. Mellow.

NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH.

Reeve—J. W. Clark.

Council—S. Aikenbrack, E. W. Conger, J. H. Keech, G. S. Sexsmith.

SOUTH FREDERICKSBURGH.

Reeve—Bert Elliott.

Council—Clayton Fretz, Frank Gallagher, Harry Cooper, Robt. Merritt.

SHEFFIELD.

Reeve—A. B. Carscallen.

Council—T. S. Howes, P. J. Whalen, C. L. Wagar, P. J. O'Neil.

KALADAR, ANGLESEA AND EFFINGHAM.
(Acclamation)

Reeve—R. J. Campbell.

Council—John Bryden, George Hasler, Francis Lessard, Charles Rattan.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.
(Acclamation)

Reeve—J. S. Johnson.

Council—Alex Allen, H. Ross Allison, Lawrence Magee, A. B. Sexsmith.

CAMDEN
(Acclamation.)

Reeve—R. J. Cousins.

Deputy Reeve—E. J. Judge.

Council—F. McLaughlin, K. L. Weese, J. A. Salisbury.

DENBIGH, ABINGER and ASHBY

For Reeve—Chas. Both (acclamation).

NEWBURGH.
(Acclamation.)

For Reeve—G. A .Aylesworth.

For Council—Chas. G. Walker, G. H. Bray, Ward R. Wartman, Harry E. Sutton.

AMHERST ISLAND.
Acclamation.)

Reeve—Allan N. Hutchins.

Council—W. A. Scott, R. P. Saunders, W. D. Taylor, J. W. Brown.

RICHMOND.
(Acclamation.)

For Reeve—A. C. Tummon.

For Councillors—S. J. Mowers, A. H. Oliver, Herbert S. Windover, M. H. Sexsmith.

STELLA.

The steamer Wolfe Islander, which made a special trip from Stella to Kingston on Monday last, carried a large number of passengers, and was heavily laden with freight in the evening. J. A. Tugwell, butcher, shipped a number of live hogs from here on the return trip.

Brown Bros., blacksmiths, have installed a Delco lighting plant in their shop.

W. Wemp, R. Smith, W. Marshall and H. Marshall have returned home from Buffalo, N.Y.

Miss Ruth Marshall, R.N., of Buffalo, N.Y., spent Christmas with her parents, here.

Capt. Sylvester MacDonald and Mr. and Mrs. William S. MacDonald, Buffalo, N.Y., spent a few days last week at William MacDonald's.

Miss Gladys Wemp, Toronto, spent the holidays with her parents at Lake View.

There was a great number of holiday visitors from nearby places here last week.

The annual concert under the auspices of the five Public Schools of Amherst Island in Victoria Hall on Wednesday evening last, was decidedly successful. The building was crowded to capacity. The program was very interesting and was composed of songs, recitations, drills, etc. After completing the program the Christmas tree, which was nicely decorated and heavily laden with gifts, was unloaded of its stores by Mr. George Beggs, who kindly accepted the part of Santa Claus, assisted by the teachers and others. After the distribution of the gifts, Glenn's orchestra furnished the music for two hours dancing. Those in charge of the entertainment were Miss K. Heinmiller, S. S. No. 1 ; Miss Ruth McCormick, S. S. No. 2 ; Clarence Hogeboon, S. S. No. 3 ; Miss Edith Scott, S. S. No. 4 ; and Miss Arlien-Miller, S. S. No. 5. The schools were all closed for the holidays.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

TOWN OF NAPANEE, ELECTION RESULTS

THE VOTE ON THE TOWN HALL IMPROVEMENT BY-LAW WAS 306 FOR AND 209 AGAINST—A FAVORABLE VOTE OF 97.

JOHN G. DALY OCCUPIES THE SEAT OF HONOR BY SECURING THE LARGEST VOTE FOR COUNCILLOR FOR 1928.

Election day in Napanee on Monday did not differ from that of other years in many respects, yet there was an under current of interest, which apparently did not appear on the surface. A field of nine contestants aspiring for the six seats at the Council Board, together with the voting on the By-law for the improvement of the Town Hall, created somewhat more than the usual interest which has been evident for the past few years in our town election results. The result of the vote shows that the 1928 Council will be composed of four of last year's aldermen, and four new aldermen, namely : Mayor E J. Roy, Reeve F. S. Boyes and Councillors A. S. Kimmerly, J. M. Simpson, members of the 1927 council ; and J. G. Daly, E. O. Ungar, Geo. J. Tustin and Chas. N. Loucks, the new blood.

Following is the result of Monday's vote by wards :

	W.W. 1	W.W. 2	C.W. 1	C.W. 2	E.W.	Total
DALY, J. G.	126	132	124	148	127	657
UNGAR, E. O.	94	140	91	81	108	514
TUSTIN, GEO. J.	117	121	99	80	92	509
LOUCKS, CHAS. N.	66	108	88	112	112	486
KIMMERLY, A. S.	94	100	80	85	83	442
SIMPSON, J. M.	80	92	84	87	95	438
Dunbar, W. H.	41	99	72	106	108	426
Jewell, W. J.	53	85	71	113	81	403
Hughson, A. S.	58	98	38	81	60	335
For By-Law	41	72	48	79	66	306
Against By-Law	42	56	23	39	49	209
Majority for By-Law						97

The election returns were given out at the Town Hall, where a large number of citizens had gathered to hear the results. When the returns the returns had been completed the successful candidates were called to the platform to deliver short addresses.

Mayor E. J. Roy, who had received his office by acclamation, stated that two or three months prior to nomination night he had firmly made up his mind that he would not seek a second term as Mayor of Napanee, because he felt that the 1927 Council had probably done two years' work in one, and also he had intended to take several vacations during the coming year. However, the 1927 Council had furthered the scheme of the remodelling of the Town Hall and he felt they should see it to a finish. He was sorry to see some of the old councillors fall by the way, but that was but the natural result when new blood offered itself. He also referred to our ancient method of street lighting in comparison to that of other towns and cities on the line of the highway.

John G. Daly, who headed the polls, made his initial bow to the ratepayers, and thanked all the people for the magnificent vote given him, which he appreciated to the fullest extent.

E. O. Ungar, who polled the second highest vote, thanked the electors for the confidence placed in him, which was evidenced by the large vote he received. His attitude in the transaction of the town's affairs would be economy, as far as it would be consistent with the progress of the town.

Geo. J. Tustin, third on the list reiterated his statement as made at the nomination meeting. He would give to the business of the town the same attention he gave to his own. Being a large ratepayer, he figured that the town's interest would be his own.

Chas. N. Loucks remarked that this was his first appearance on a public platform. He wanted to thank one nd all for the excellent vote given him, and was proud of the fact that he was successful in being elected a member of the 1928 Council.

A. S. Kimmerly felt that it was very gratifying to be again returned as Alderman, all things being considered. His attitude would be the same as it had always been, to help conduct the affairs of the town in the best possible manner.

J. M. Simpson laughingly remarked that he was not only grateful, but thankful, to be re-elected a member of the council. He had partially made up his mind not to seek re-election, but had changed his mind. His experience this year had very nearly been like the pitcher that went to the well once too often and got cracked. He had had a close call. He was pleased [illegible] the people taking a greater interest in the town's affairs. [illegible] expressed his thanks to one and all for support given him.

W. H. Dunbar remarked that he appeared before the meeting as a defeated candidate. He could not understand why some of the ratepayers had withdrawn the confidence extended to him in former years. He had given of his best and had always done what he thought was in the best interests of the town. However, he had been relieved of considerable work and would be able to take life easier.

Capt. A. S. Hughson remarked that he was thankful for being left at home, however he would have appreciated being elected. He had only been a resident of Napanee for about three years, and was not very well known, and combined with the fact that he had done no canvassing, he felt he had made a creditable showing. He expressed his thanks for the support given him.

Wm. Howitt addressed the meeting, saying he could not be more sorry than he was now if he had stood before them a defeated candidate. He spoke in glowing terms of W. H. Dunbar and expressed his sorrow at his defeat. He was glad the town hall by-law had carried. He also offered some good advice to the 1928 council along the lines of the regulation of traffic within our town, also the street lighting system.

Ships' Graveyard.

About half-way between the West Indies and West Africa lies a vast stagnant sheet of water known as the Sargasso Sea. Round it circulate two mighty currents which for untold centuries have been bringing and leaving in it huge masses of the floating seaweed called sargassum, drift-wood, and other flotsam and jetsam. In time, this concentration of weed, etc., became so thick that sailing vessels were often caught in it, and their crews were doomed to die of thirst and starvation. Various animals, such as rats, and particularly bloodthirsty crabs, have adapted themselves to living in it, and abound in large numbers. Even nowadays slow steamers sometimes have difficulty in getting clear, as their propellers are liable to be clogged by gigantic tangles of weed. The color of the sea is perhaps the purest of all the ocean blues.

A $2,000,000 Gift.

A $2,000,000 gift for the construction of a museum of antiquities in Jerusalem has been accepted from J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., by the Palestine Government.

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

THE I. O. D. E. EUCHRE IN THE Town Hall, on Wednesday, Jan. 18th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

After an illness of about four years, Mrs. J. H. Snook, a highly esteemed resident of North Fredericksburgh, passed away at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. R. P. Joyce, on Wednesday last. Besides her husband she leaves two sons, Roy of Detroit, and Clare, of North Fredericksburgh, also one daughter, Mrs. R. P. Joyce. A sister, Mrs. Armstrong of Buffalo, also survives. The funeral was held on Friday and the remains placed in Riverview cemetery.

Banff Winter Carnival Will Be Colorful Event

ON TOP OF THE WORLD, AT BANFF
GIRL SKI JUMPER AND MT. RUNDLE
FANCY SKATERS, BANFF

Banff, the capital of Canada's National Park of that name, is known to the world as one of the most beautiful and fascinating of summer resorts. It is, however, not generally known that Banff in winter is equally delightful, and that many people prefer it at this season, especially during its Carnival Week. The dates for this colorful event are February 4-11.

The town is always a blaze of colored lights; Indian tepees are at intervals along the main street, for the Stoneys also take part in Winter's pageant. Fireworks gleam on the Ice Palace, from which many events will start. They move quickly and are kaleidoscopic in color and swiftness, sports are varied and masquerades are an additional excuse for more excitement and hilarity.

There are many competitions in all lines of sports during Carnival Week, and even sportsmen will have their fun, for trap-shooting is on the programme as the Banff Gun Club holds its annual competition at this time. Another novel event for a Winter Carnival is packing, making and breaking camp, and also the famous diamond hitch is staged by members of the Rocky Mountain Guides Association, who evidently are not afraid of rivals during the next annual meet of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Skiing is possibly the most popular sport, and the country affords all that could be desired. There are competitions in ski-jumping for professionals, amateurs and young boys; ski-racing, ski-joring races, snow-shoe races and novelty events. Hockey, Canada's great national game, is one of the drawing cards of the Carnival. Teams come from all parts of the West to compete, as many clubs enter for the speed and figure skating; among them the Winnipeg Skating Club. The Banff Dog Derby is one of the outstanding events which should be mentioned. The course, from Calgary to Banff, is 84 miles. The annual bonspiel of the Banff Curling Club will be held during this week. Recreations are so numerous that all visitors can find the form of diversion that pleases. One great novelty is swimming in the Government hot sulphur baths in the open air, with snow and, possibly, icicles around.

CONCERNING MOTOR CAR FIRES

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Here are some very interesting experiments with gasoline as conducted by A. H. Hoffman, Agricultural Engineering Division, University of California.

Nowhere and at no time are knowledge and a cool head more at a premium than when fire reaches gasoline. Every year automobiles and trucks by the hundreds are burned up while their owners stand helplessly looking on.

Mr. Hoffman has repeatedly caused an electric spark to pass between the very closely spaced points of a spark plug placed inverted and submerged in a quart milk bottle filled with gasoline. The spark showed bright and was sharply snapping, but no ignition of the gasoline resulted. The same spark made the pass while the plug was held in the mixed gasoline vapor and air above the liquid gasoline at the top of the bottle promptly caused a slight explosion, followed by a surface burning of the gasoline vapor which, while slow at first, became more rapid as the heat generated caused a quicker vaporization of the fuel. Closing the mouth of the bottle wth the palm of the hand cut off oxygen supply and in a second extinguished the fire. If the fire had been permitted to burn until the unequal heating had craceked the bottle and permitted the gasoline to flow out, a large surface area would have been exposed to the air making possible a very rapid increase of the fire. Even then, however, the application of anything that would serve to exclude the air from the fluid gasoline would have smothered the flames.

With the same quart bottle half full of gasoline, a lighted match applied to the mouth ignited the one pint of mixed air and gasoline vapor causing a stronger explosion and a slight after burning at the surface of the gasoline which was easily put out because it was difficult for air to get in fast enough to keep the fire going. With the bottle emptied of gasoline, but still wet, the explosion was much stronger but not enough to endanger the bottle so long as the mouth was not covered.

Similarly with a gasoline tank, the more nearly empty the tank is, the greater will be the volume of mixed gasoline vapor and air and the stronger will be the explosion if fire gets to it. Also the smaller the opening relative to the volume of the mixture, the more powerful the explosion. Of course, it is never altogether safe, to say the least, to hold a lighted match to the mouth of a large gasoline tank whether full or empty, because, even if the tank did not burst, there might be enough gasoline and oil soaked wood, upholstering, etc., in the neighborhood to cause an explosion.

THE VALUE OF LIQUID MANURE

(Experimental Farms Notes)

Notwithstanding what has been said and written in recent years by Agricultural authorities in respect to the value of liquid manure, it is evident to anyone in touch with present farming conditions that there is a necessity for repeating the facts in connection with this subject.

It has been shown by carefully conducted experiments that from one-third to one-half of the value of manure may be lost by neglect to save the liquid portion. The liquid portion (urine) is much richer in nitrogen and potash than the solid excreta, weight for weight; and further, these constituents are present in the urine in a soluble and readily available form and therefore pound for pound they are worth much more than those in the solid excreta.

The average of a number of analysis of fresh cow manure showed that in one ton there were 11.44 pounds of nitrogen and 9.75 pounds of potash. Of these amounts 5.40 pounds (about one-half) of nitrogen and 7.30 pounds (one-quarter) of potash were contained in the liquid portion of the manure. Since Climatic conditions over a very large part of the Dominion necessitate the stabling of cattle from 5 to 7 months of the year it is evident that unless the liquid manure is saved, much loss of available plant food must result.

The practice of running this liquid manure into tanks or other receptacles for direct application on the land is not generally practicable in this country for obvious reasons. The solution of the problem is in the use of a sufficiency of absorbent litter.

Staw, the bedding material generally used on the farm, will absorb from two to three times its weight of liquid; if finely cut, its value as a litter is greatly enhanced as, it will then absorb about three times as much liquid as when uncut.

Deposits of peat and muck occur in many parts of Canada and these materials, when air-dried, make excellent absorbent litter. The practice of throwing a few shovelfuls of the crushed dry peat or muck in the gutter will result in the saving of the liquid manure, will aid greatly in the cleaning of the barn and in keeping the air sweet.

SPEEDING UP TRAVEL

Trains on One Rail May Travel 100 Miles an Hour — Wheels Above and Below.

Trains capable of travelling 100 miles an hour on one rail are prophecied for future locomotion by a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

Generally, the attiude towards the monorail has been that a train running on one line only sounds very well in theory—just as do those other schemes for harnessing the tides and drawing electricity from the lair—but that in practice it is equally freakish.

Nevertheless, not only has such a railway been perfected for practical use, but permission has been provisionally given by the British Minister of Transport for the construction of a system under the Tyne, connecting North and South Shields. All that is awaited, before work can be commenced on this railway is Parliamentary sanction.

The system is the Kearney High-Speed Railway, which is different from all other ideas that it does not depend upon a gyroscope to keep the rolling stock upright. A gyroscope, of course, is that "top" arrangement which can't be upset while it is spinning.

That, however, is the drawback. Suppose something goes wrong with the works, and the top ceases to spin.

Therefore, one of the first rules the inventor laid down for his one-rail train was that it must not depend upon any moving mechanism for stability, and he overcame this merely by putting another rail above the train.

Actually, the train has wheels both above and below, the upper set being pressed against the top rail by means of exceedingly powerful springs. The wheels are deeply flanged so that they simply cannot leave the track; and in consequence much greater speeds can be obtained with perfect safety.

Running costs with the monorail are considerably smaller. In the first place, it costs less to prepare the track. Second; the idea of this system is that the trains shall drop from one station, and rise towards the next. No power is used, then, for half the journey, since gravity will carry the train down. As the impetus gained will help to carry it up the corresponding incline, less power than usual will be needed for that half of the journey — hence less expense.

Even the problems of taking up and setting down passengers have been carefully studied, and a new idea in stations evolved. By this scheme the train always halts between two platforms, the passengers entering from one and leaving by the other. This alone saves an immense amount of time, but more still is saved by the number of doors, which are so arranged that there is one for every four passengers.

The front of each train is pointed —or streamlined, to use the technical term—in order to reduce air resistance, and it is claimed that speeds of over a hundred miles an hour can be attained without there being the slightest risk.

Of course, here is no idea of substituting the monorail for existing railways, but there seems no reason why the idea should not be employed for tracks that have yet to be constructed.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS AND THE SICK.

Sunday, Jan. 8.—Mark 1:21-45.

Golden Text—He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. (Mark 7:37).

Sin and its work crumpled, broke, disappeared before Him who is eternal Righteousness. That is the message of this lesson. Sickness is a result of sin; when Christ appears and manifests His power, sickness must disappear. The lesson is a thrilling story of this; a story that is not fiction, but literal, historical fact.

The narrative has the swift action that characterizes Mark's Gospel throughout. The typical word "straightway" introduces the lesson events; this is followed, in the score of verses, by the words "immediately," forthwith," "immediately," "immediately."

The Lord Jesus Christ, eternally the Son of God, Saviour of men, the King of Israel and King of kings the One who is to come again and wrest the Kingdoms of this world from the usurping god of this world (Satan) and who eventually will create a new heaven and a new earth, and at whose name every knee shall some day bow, of those in Heaven and those in earth, and those under the earth—this One who is both God and Man, one Sabbath day stepped in to a synagogue in a busy town on the shores of Galilee and taught.

The people did not know who He was. Soon they began to realize that they were listening to such teaching as they had never heard before. They had heard learned scribes teach, punctuating their teaching with citations from this and that human authority. This man was different. His listeners "were astonished at His teaching: for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." It was God speaking to men; God does not need "authorities."

The teaching was interrupted. There was a person in the meeting who was more powerful than any man or woman in the congregation. This person was an "unclean spirit," a demon, a fallen angell, a servant of Satan. He was in possession of the body of a man—of body and mind. Using the possessed man's tongue he cried out in protest against the Lord Jesus Christ. "Let alone." He said he knew who this Jesus of Nazareth was, "the Holy One of God." He asked if He had "come to destroy us?"

It was a duel between Satan and Christ, the supernatural powers of evil with the supernatural Power of Righteousness. he demon-possessed man was helpless. The congregation was helpless.

But Christ was greater than the demon, is greater than Satan and all his vast army of evil spirits. They are more powerful than men; but Christ is omnipotent. "And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him." The spirit tore the man, but had to obey; he gave up his possession of a human body and came out. It was unconditional, complete victory for Christ and righteousness against Satan and sin.

Just such experiences have been repeated in cases of well-attested demon possession in modern times, especially in heathen lands, like China, where where Satan has almost full sway. Prayer in the name of Christ has cast out such demons, in anticipation of the day when all sin and evil spfrits will be cast out forever by the Son of God.

Again the people were amazed, wondering and questioning. They had heard new teaching; now they saw a new thing: the authority with which this Man taught was exercised over unclean spirits, who had to obey Him.

Countless victories over sickness, a consequence of sin followed. If sin had never come into the world there would have been neither sickness nor death. This is not to say that every experience of bodily sickness is a direct result of some sin in the life of the one who is sick. Our Lord answered that question for His disciples (John 9:1-3). But sickness is always at least an indirect result of sin in the human race; often it is the direct result of some individual sin, as physicians know only too well.

And the Lord Jesus Christ filled that Sabbath day with demonstrations of His power over sickness. He had taught with authority; He had cast out an evil spirit with authority; now by that same omnipotent authority He cast out bodily disease. First He raised up Simon's wife's mother from her bed of fever. Immediately "she ministered unto them." When sickness went, service began. How often this occurs when spiritual sickness leaves, and a new life of spiritual service begins.

As the news spread, every one in that city, apparently, brought the sick to Christ to be healed. Are we as keen and eager and insistent to bring to our Saviour, who has healed us, all those of whose spiritual sickness we may know today? Other demon-possessed ones were brought and they and the sick were made well as devils were cast out and health replaced disease.

Finally, the next day, came a leper, hopelessly stricken with that dread malady that rots away the body as sin destroys the soul. "If Thou wilt," said the leper to Christ. "I will," said Christ to the leper. Another "immediately," and "he was cleansed."

There is an interlude in the stream of countless and miraculous blessings in this lesson. We are told that the Lord rose up a great while before day, and went out into a solitary place, and there prayed. Prayer was vital and imperative in the life and ministry of this Saviour of men who is the Son of God. If it was so for Him, do we dare neglect it?

Our Lord's healing ministry was a miraculous demonstration of His identity, His power, His redemptive mission. It ceased with the apostolic age, except in such unusual instances as it has pleased Him from that day to this, to heal by His miracle touch. He raised the dead in His earthly lifetime; He does not do so today. But the time is coming when He will forever put away sin and sickness and death. Therefore, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Water as a Lubricant.

A discovery has been made which has caused wide interest in the engineering world. It is claimed that rubber bearings lubricated with plain water can do all that oiled gun-metal or other bearings can do, and that oil for lubrication can be dispensed with. Rubber bearings have now been tested on heavy machines running 5,000 revolutions a minute. A particle of grit simply rolls across the rubber until it is removed by the water, which runs through a fine groove in the machinery in thousands of tons, and some qualities of it are very expensive. The new system, discovered and perfected by two English engineers, may lead to all kinds of changes in high-speed machinery, such as ship's turbines, and so on, bringing about big changes in the running costs.

Man of the Family, at Eight

If you were a wee lad, hardly eight, and you hadn't seen your mother or four little brothers and sisters for ever so long, and if you had a pain in your chest all day—well it is doubtful if you would smile as bravely and say "How do you do?" so cheerily as Bert does—stretched out wanly on his little cot in the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children at Weston.

Bert's daddy has been dead for a long time, and his mother goes out washing—and this wee lad used to help look after the others. He caught a bad cold and might have been snuffed out—as many another little human candle has been by the chill wind of consumption—but that he was sent just in time to the Queen Mary Hospital for treatment.

Would you not like to help this work to go on, through a contribution to the hospital?

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

WANT LARGER FAMILIES.

Hungarian Urges Campaign Against "One Child Family."

Although Hungary's birth rate is only surpassed by Italy in the west of Europe and Rumania in the east, the prevalence of a one-child ratio is being taken very seriously, and a law will probably shortly be proposed by which childless couples will forfeit part of their land to parents of large families.

To 2,259 families owaing large estates only forty children have been born yearly during the last five years, and in 20,500 families owning medium-sized estates the birth rate amounts to only 1.3 per cent. The low birth rate is particularly marked in certain parts of the country, especially in Protestant districts where the standard of living is higher than among the Roman Catholics, and consequently the peasants' ambition to amass wealth is greater.

In the neighborhood of the River Tisza, out of 298,000 couples 44,000 have no children and 40,000 have one child each. It is said that in the comitat of Baranya certain villages possess no single child of school age. In a recent speech in Parliament Count Bethlen, himself a Protestant, suggested that the Protestant clergy should inaugurate a campaign against this system.

Sugar From Waste Wood.

Sugar from waste wood is forecast by a report made recently by Dr. W. R. Ormandy to the Society of Chemical Industry, in England. Dried sawdust is treated in a carefully-designed chemical plant with hydrochloric acid. This treatment converts the substance of the wood into a mixture of sugars, one of which is ordinary glucose, or corn sugar, a material that is perfectly suitable for human food. Not all of the sugar produced by the process is pure enough for food use, although most of it is. The by-product of impure sugar is to be fermented into alcohol, which will be used for motor fuel.

Twenty Billion Dollars.

Members of the American Life convention, an association of the principal life insurance companies of Canada and the United States, with the recent admission to membership of the Missouri State Life Insurance, have reached the $20,000,000,000 mark of insurance in force, with 142 companies as members.

Wirless Station for Geneva.

A League of Nations wireless station is to be erected at Geneva.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
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UNDERGROUND CATHEDRAL.

Miners Toiled Forty Years Converting Cavern Into Church.

To descend the salt mine of Wielicska in Polish Cracow is to find beauty in the bowels of the earth. For nine centuries or more men have labored here unceasingly, hewing great blocks of salt from the depths.

In so doing they have created not mere empty caverns but monuments of piety and shrines of loveliness. From the salt itself they have molded columns and statues. In passing to their toil they kneel at altars that are shaped from salt and dip their fingers in holy water that lies in fonts scooped from salt. A marble staircase (of salt) opens into a marble corridor and the corridor into a cathedral. An altar, flanked by noble pillars, gleams in the far distance. From the soaring roof hang great chandeliers with scores of "candles" that are really electric lights. Little side chapels open out from the nave, each with its altar and its lights.

It appears that this cathedral is really a vast cavern, from which a million tons of rock salt have been hewn. Two miners worked for 40 years transforming it into a Catholic chapel; smoothing the walls, rearing the altar and carving the sacred images.

The Pedlar's Acre.

The Church of St. Mary, Lambeth, London, contains a quaint little picture-window of a pedlar and his dog concerning which a curious story is told.

It is to the effect that the original of the pedlar, while sheltering under the eaves of the church during a storm, was befriended by the priest in charge, and that long afterwards, having meanwhile become a prosperous tradesman, he left a plot of ground, later called "Pedlar's Acre," to the parish.

In 1816 and again in 1884, the window was removed, but on each occasion local indignation compelled its reinstatement, though not in the same position. The "Pedlar's Acre," originally of little value, was sold by the Lambeth Borough Council to the London County Council in 1910 for £81,000.

Cuba Is Enterprising.

Cuba is busy with an era of development ranging from silkworms to potatoes, and even has adopted the country fair.

Acording to the Cuban embassy at Washington it has been pointed out that the island has all the requisites for successful silkworm culture and experiments along that line are being carried out. Also it is said that farmers are being supplied with the best seed potatoes from abroad and that importation of any but the very best varieties has been prohibited.

A movement is afoot to establish a ferry service between Key West and Havana on the completion of the new highway uniting Key West with the Florida mainland so that motorists can, to all practical purposes motor from any part of the United States to Cuba and tour the island in their own cars.

They Laugh—as Health Comes Back

Rose and Valerie are sisters. Their charts say they are 23 and 18 years of age, respectively, but to look at them you would think they were 15 and 12—so slight and delicate are they. And when you hear the laughter and chatter of these two—for they are resting side by side in hospital cots—you feel sure they must be the lesser ages.

Yes, they are both very slight, but the wonder is they are here at all, for just a few months ago they were admitted, victims of the ravages of consumption. They are happy now because they are gaining weight and strength again; and you, who have never lost your health, can hardly understand what a wonderful difference that makes to people who never expected to get well. But then—that is the work of the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, and it is being carried on for over three hundred patients each day throughout the year.

Rose and Valerie are a farmer's daughters, in a home where there are eleven children, and they say they are learning all about the disease so they will do their best to see that no other members of the family walk unawares into the dread path that leads to consumption.

Would you not like to contribute to this excellent work? It depends largely upon subscriptions.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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INTRODUCTION.

My Dear Mr. Garland—You have been kind enough to let me see the proofs of "Cavanagh, Forest Ranger." I have read it with mingled feelings—with keen appreciation of your sympathetic understanding of the problems which confronted the forest service before the western people understood it and with deep regret that I am no longer officially associated with its work, although I am as deeply interested and almost as closely in touch as ever.

Western frontier people faced life with a manly dependence on their own courage and capacity which did them and still does them high honor. Some of them were naturally slow to see the advantages of the new order. But now that they have seen it there is nowhere more intelligent, convinced and effective support of the conservation policies than in the west. The establishment of the new order in some places was not child's play. But there is a strain of fairness among the western people which you can always count on in such a fight as the forest service has made and won.

The service contains the best body of young men I know and many splendid veterans. It is nine-tenths made up of western men. It has met the west on its own ground, and it has won the contest—an episode of which you have so well described—because the west believes in what it stands for.

I have lived much among the western mountain men, differed with some of them and worked with many of them. Sometimes I have lost, and sometimes I have won, but every time the fight was worth while. I have come out of it all with a respect and liking for the west which will last as long as I do. Very sincerely yours,

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESERT CHARIOT.

LEE VIRGINIA WETHERFORD began her return journey into the mountain west with exultation. From the moment she opened her car window that August morning in Nebraska the plain called to her, sustained her illusions. It was all quite as big, as tawny, as she remembered it, fit arena for the epic deeds in which her father had been a leader bold and free.

Her memories of Roaring Fork and its people were childish and romantic. She recalled vividly the stagecoach which used to amble sedately, not to say wheezily, from the railway to the Fork and from the Fork back to the railway in the days ten years before when she had ridden away in it a tearful, despairing, long limbed girl and fully expected to find it waiting for her at Sulphur City, with old Tom Quentan still as its driver.

The first hint of "the new west" came to her by way of the pretentious Hotel Alma, which stood opposite the station at Sulphur and to which she was led by a colored porter of most elaborate and kindly manners.

This house, which furnishes an excellent dinner and an absorbing mixture of types both American and European, was vaguely disturbing to her. It was plainly not the old time west—the west her father had dominated in the days "before the invasion." It was indeed distinctly built for the tourist trade and was filled with all that might indicate the comfortable nearness of big game and good fishing.

Upon inquiry as to the stage she was amazed to hear that an automobile now made the journey to the Fork in five hours and that it left immediately after the midday meal.

At 2 o'clock, as the car came to the door, she entered it with a sense of having stepped from one invading chariot of progress to another, so big and shining and up to date was its glittering body, agleam with brass and glowing with brave red paint.

As they whirled madly down the valley the girl was astonished at the transformation in the hot, dry land. Wire fences ran here and there, inclosing fields of alfalfa and wheat where once only the sagebrush and the greasewood grew. Painted farm houses shone on the banks of the creeks and irrigating ditches flashed across the road with an air of business and decision.

For the first half hour it seemed as if the dominion of the cattlemen had ended, but as the swift car drew away from the valley of the Bear and climbed the divide toward the north the free range was disclosed, with few changes save in the cattle, which were all of the harmless or hornless variety, appearing tame and spiritless in comparison with the old time half wild broadhorn breeds.

Lee began to wonder if she should find the Fork much changed—her mother was a bad correspondent.

Her unspoken question, opportunely asked by another, was answered by an old woman passenger. "Oh, Lord, yes! Summer tourists are crawlin' all over us sence this otto line begun.

'Pears like all the bare armed boobies and crosslegged little rips in Omaha and Denver had jest got to ride in and look us over. Two of them new hotels in Sulphur don't do a thing but feed these tenderfeet. I s'pose pro-hi-bition will be the next grand stand play on the part of our town lot boomers. We old cowpunchers don't care whether the town grows or not, but these hyer bankers and truck farmers are all for raisin' the price o' land and taxin' us quiet fellers out of our boots."

The girl was brought back to the vital phases of her life by the harsh voice of one of the men. "Lize Wetherford is goin' to get jumped one o' these days for sellin' whisky without a license. I've told her so too. Everybody knows she's a-doin' it, and what beats me is her goin' along in that way when a little time and money would set her straight with the law."

The shock of all this lay in the fact that Eliza Wetherford was the mother to whom Lee Virginia was returning after ten years of life in the east, and the significance of the man's words froze her blood for an instant.

The young fellow on the back seat slowly said, "I don't complain of Lize sellin' bad whisky, but the grub she sets up is fierce."

"The grub ain't so bad; it's the way she stacks it up," remarked another. "But, then, these little flybit cow towns are all alike and all bad, so far as hotels are concerned."

Lee Virginia, crimson and burning hot, was in agony lest they should go further in their criticism.

She knew that her mother kept a boarding house, and, while she was not proud of it, there was nothing disgraceful in it. Happily, the conversation turned aside and fell upon the government's forest policy, and Sam Gregg, a squat, wide mouthed, harsh voiced individual, cursed the action of Ross Cavanagh, the ranger in the district above the Fork. "He thinks he's secretary of war, but I reckon he won't after I interview him. He can't shuffle my sheep around over the hills at his own sweet will."

LEE VIRGINIA

The young fellow on the back seat quietly interposed. "You want to be sure you've got the cinch on Cavanagh good and square, Sam, or he'll be a-ridin' you."

"He certainly is an arbitrary cuss," said the old woman. "They say he was one of Teddy's rough riders in the war. He sure can ride and handle a gun. 'Pears like he thinks he's runnin' the whole range," she continued, after a pause. "Cain't nobody so much as shoot a grouse since he come in, and the supervisor upholds him in it."

Lee Virginia wondered about all this supervision, for it was new to her.

Gregg, the sheepman, went on: "As I tell Redfield, I don't object to the forest policy—it's a good thing for me; I get my sheep pastured cheaper than I could do any other way, but it makes me hot to have grazing lines run on me and my herders jacked up every time they get over the line. Ross run one bunch off the reservation last Friday. I'm going to find out about that. He'll learn he can't get 'arbitrary' with me."

The old woman chuckled. "'Pears like you've changed your tune since '98, Sam."

He admitted his conversion shamelessly. "I'm for whatever will pay best. Just now, with a high tariff, sheep are the boys. So long as I can get on the reserve at 7 cents a head—lambs free—I'm going to put every dollar I've got into sheep."

"You're going to get thrown off altogether one of these days," said the young man on the back seat.

Thereupon a violent discussion arose over the question of the right of a sheepman to claim first grass for his flocks, and Gregg boasted that he cared nothing for "the dead line." "They've tried to run me out of Deer Creek, but I'm there to stay. I have 10,000 more on the way, and the man that tries to stop me will find trouble."

The car was descending into the valley of the Roaring Fork now, and wire fences and alfalfa fields on either side gave further evidence of the change in the land's dominion. Down past the courthouse, refurbished and deeper sunk in trees, Lee Virginia rode, recalling the wild night when 300 armed and vengeful cowboys surrounded it, holding three cattle barons and their hired invaders against all comers, resolute to be their own judge, jury and hangman. It was all as peaceful as a Sunday afternoon at this moment, with no sign of the fierce passions of the past.

The car crossed the Roaring Fork and drew up before two small shacks, one of which bore a faded sign, "The Wetherford House," and the other in fresher paint, "The Wetherford Cafe." On the sidewalk a group of Indians were sitting, and a half dozen slouching white men stood waiting at the door.

As Lee went past the hotel porch her heart beat hard and her breath shortened. In a flash she divined the truth. She understood why her mother had discouraged her coming home. It was not merely on account of the money. It was because she knew that her business was wrong.

What a squalid little den it was! How cheap, bald and petty the whole town seemed of a sudden! Lee Virginia halted and turned. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to make herself known. She retraced her steps, pulled open the broken screen door and entered the cafe. It was a low, dingy dining room filled with the odor of ham and bad coffee. At the tables ten or fifteen men, a motley throng, were busily feeding their voracious jaws, and on her left, behind a showcase filled with cigars, stood her mother, looking old, unkempt and worried. The changes in her were so great that the girl stood in shocked alarm. At last she raised her veil. "Mother," she said, "don't you know me?"

A look of surprise went over the older woman's flabby face—a glow which brought back something of her other self, as she cried, "Why, Lee Virginny, where did you come from?"

The boarders stopped chewing and stared in absorbed interest, while Virginia kissed her blowsy mother.

"By the Lord, it's little Virginny!" said one old fellow. "It's her daughter."

Upon this a mutter of astonishment arose, and the waiter girls, giggling, marveling and envious, paused, their platters in hand, to exchange comment on the newcomer's hat and gown. A cowboy at the washing sink in the corner suspended his face polishing and gaped over his shoulder in silent ecstasy. Some of the men came forward to greet her, and, though she had some difficulty in recognizing one or two of them (so hardly had the years of her absence used them), she eventually succeeded in placing them all.

At length her mother led her through the archway which connected the two shanties, thence along a narrow hall into a small bedroom, into which the western sunset fell. It was a shabby place, but as a refuge from the crowd in the restaurant it was grateful.

Lize looked at her daughter critically. "I don't know what I'm going to do with a girl like you. Why, you're purty—purty as a picture. You were skinny as a child. I'm fair dazed. Great snakes, how you have opened out! You're the living image of your dad. What started you back? I told you to stay where you was."

"I had no place to go after Aunt Celia died. I had to come home."

"You wrote they was willing to keep you."

"They were, but I couldn't ask it of them. I had no right to burden them, and, besides, Mrs. Hall wrote me that you were sick."

"I am, but I didn't want you to come back. Lay off your things and come out to supper. We'll talk afterward."

The eating house, the rooms and hallways were all of that desolate shabbiness which comes from shiftlessness joined with poverty. Everything on which the girl's eyes fell contrasted strongly with her aunt's home on the Brandywine—not because that house was large or luxurious, but because it was exquisitely in order and sweet with flowers and dainty arrangement of color.

She regretted bitterly that she had ever left her eastern friends. Her mother, in truth, showed little pleasure at her coming and almost nothing of the illness of which a neighbor had written. It was, indeed, this letter which had decided her to return to the west. She had come, led by a sense of duty, not by affection, for she had never loved her mother as a daughter should—they were in some way antipathetic—and now she found herself an unwelcome guest.

With aching head and shaking knees Virginia re-entered the dining room, which was now nearly empty of its "guests," but was still misty with the steam of food and swarming with flies. These pests buzzed like bees around the soiled places on the tablecloths, and one of her mother's first remarks was a fretful apology regarding her trials with those insects. "Seems like you can't keep 'em out," she said.

With desperate effort Lee conquered her disgust. "Never mind; I'm tired and a little upset. I don't need any dinner." Hastily sipping a cup of coffee, she tried hard to keep back the tears, but failed, and no sooner did her mother turn away than she fled to her room, there to sob unrestrainedly her despair and shame. "Oh, I can't stand it!" she called. "I can't, I can't!"

"MOTHER, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

She felt herself alien and solitary in the land of her birth.

Lize came in half an hour later, pathetic in her attempt at "slicking up." She was still handsome in a large featured way, but her gray hair was there and her face laid with a network of fretful lines. Her color was bad. At the moment her cheeks were yellow and sunken.

She complained of being short of breath and lame and tired. "I'm always tired," she explained. "'Pears like sometimes I can't scarcely drag myself around, but I do."

A pang of comprehending pain shot through Virginia's heart. If she could not love she could at least pity and help, and, reaching forth her hand, she patted her mother on the knee. "Poor old mammy!" she said. "I'm going to help you."

Lize was touched by this action of her proud daughter and smiled sadly. "This is no place for you. It's nothing but a measly little cow town gone to seed—and I'm gone to seed with it. I know it. But what is a feller to do? I'm stuck here, and I've got to make a living or quit. I can't quit, so I stagger along."

"I've come back to help you, mother. You must let me relieve you of some of the burden."

"What can you do, child?" Lize asked gently.

"I can teach."

"Not in this town you can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, there's a terrible prejudice against—well, against me. And, besides, the places are all filled for next year. The Wetherfords ain't among the first circles any more."

Lee Virginia remembered Gregg's charge against her mother. "What do you mean by the prejudice against you?" she asked.

Lize was evasive. "Since I took to running this restaurant my old friends kind of fell off, but never mind that tonight."

The girl's thought was now turned into other half forgotten channels. "I wish you would tell me more about father. I don't remember where he was buried."

"Neither do I, child. I mean I don't know exactly. You see, after that cattle war he went away to Texas. He never came back and never wrote, and by and by word came that he had died and was buried, but I never could go down to see where his grave was at."

"Didn't you know the name of the town?"

"Yes, but it was a new place away down in the Panhandle and nobody I knew lived there. And I never knew anything more. Well, I must go back into the restaurant. I hain't got a girl I can trust to count the cash."

Left alone, Lee Virginia wept no more, but her face settled into an expression of stern sadness. It seemed as if her girlhood had died out of her and that she was about to begin the same struggle with work and worry which had marked the lives of all the women she had known in her childhood.

CHAPTER II.

THE FOREST RANGER.

LEE VIRGINIA was awakened in the morning by the passing of some one down the hall calling at her door, "Six o'clock!" She had not slept at all till after 1. She was lame, heart weary and dismayed, but she rose and dressed herself as neatly as before. She had decided to return to Sulphur. "I cannot endure this," she had repeated to herself a hundred times. "I *will* not!"

Hearing the clatter of dishes, she ventured with desperate courage into the dining room, which was again filled with cowboys, coal miners, ranchers and their tousled families and certain nondescript town loafers of tramp-like appearance.

Slipping into a seat at the end of the table which offered the cleanest cloth, Lee Virginia glanced round upon her neighbors with shrinking eyes. All were shoveling their food with knife blades and guzzling their coffee with bent heads. Their faces scared her, and she dropped her eyes.

At her left, however, sat two men whose greetings were frank and manly and whose table manners betrayed a higher form of life. One of them was a tall man with a lean red face, against which his blond mustache lay like a chalk mark. He wore a corduroy jacket cut in Norfolk style, and in the collar of his yellow shirt a green tie was loosely knotted. His hands were long and freckled, but were manifestly trained to polite usages.

The other man was younger and browner and of a compact, athletic figure. On the breast of his olive green coat hung a silver badge which bore a pine tree in the center. His shirt was tan colored and rough, but his head was handsome. He looked like a young officer in the undress uniform of the regular army. His hands were strong, but rather small, and the lines of his shoulders graceful. Most attractive of all were his eyes, so brown, so quietly humorous and so keen.

In the rumble of cheap and vulgar talk the voices of these men appealed to the troubled girl with great charm. She felt more akin to them than to any one else in the room, and from time to time she raised her eyes to their faces.

They were aware of her also, and their gaze was frankly admiring as well as wondering, and in passing the ham and eggs or the sugar they contrived to show her that they considered her a lady in a rough place and that they would like to know more about her.

She accepted their civilities with gratitude and listened to their talk with growing interest. It seemed that the young man had come down from the hills to meet his friend and take him back to his cabin.

"I can't do it today, Ross," said the older man. "I wish I could, but one meal of this kind is all I can stand these days."

Mrs. Wetherford, seizing the moment, came down to do the honors. "You fellers ought to know my girl, Virginny, this is Forest Supervisor Redfield, and this is Ross Cavanagh, his forest ranger in this district. You ought to know each other. My girl's just back from school, and she don't think much of the Fork. It's a little too coarse for her."

Lee flushed under this introduction, and her distress was so evident that both men came to her rescue.

The older man bowed and said, "I didn't know you had a daughter, Mrs. Wetherford." And Cavanagh, with a glance of admiration, added, "We've been wondering who you might be."

Lize went on: "I thought I'd got rid of her. She's been away now for about ten years. I don't know but it was a mistake. Look's like she's grown a little too fine haired for us doughies out here."

"So much the worse for us," replied Redfield.

This little dialogue gave the girl time to recover herself, but as Cavanagh watched the blush fade from her face, leaving it cold and white, he sympathised with her—pitied her from the bottom of his heart. He perceived that he was a chance spectator of the first scene in a painful domestic drama—one that might easily become a tragedy. He wondered what the forces might be which had brought such a daughter to this sloven, this virago. To see a maid of this delicate bloom thrust into such a place as Lize Wetherford's "hotel" had the reputation of being roused indignation.

"When did you reach town?" he asked, and into his voice his admiration crept.

"Only last night."

"You find great changes here?"

"Not so great as in my mother. It's all"— She stopped abruptly, and he understood.

Lize being drawn back to her cash register, Redfield turned to say: "My dear young lady, I don't suppose you remember me, but I knew you when you were a tot of five or six. I knew your father very well."

"Did you?" Her face lighted up.

"Yes, poor fellow; he went away from here rather under a cloud, you know."

"I remember a little of it. I was here when the shooting took place."

"So you were. Well, since then much has happened to us all," he explained to the ranger. "There wasn't room for a dashing young blood such as Ed Wetherford was in those days." He turned to Lee. "He was no worse than the men on the other side—it was dog eat dog—but some way the people rather settled on him as a scapegoat. He was forced out, and your mother has borne the brunt of it since. Those were lawless days."

More and more Lee Virginia's heart went out in trust toward these two men. Opposed to the malodorous, unshaven throng which filled the room, they seemed wondrously softened and sympathetic, and in the ranger's gaze was something else—something which made her troubles somehow less intolerable. She felt that he understood the difficult situation in which she found herself.

Redfield went on. "You find us horribly uncivilized after ten years' absence?"

"I find *this* uncivilized," she replied with fierce intensity, looking around the room. Then, on the impulse, she added: "I can't stand it! I came here to live with my mother, but this is too—too horrible!"

"I understand your repulsion," replied Redfield. "A thousand times I repeat, apropos of this country, 'Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'"

"Do you suppose it was as bad ten years ago?" she asked. "Was everything as dirty—as mean? Were the houses then as full of flies and smells?"

"I'm afraid they were. Of course the country isn't all like this, and there are neat homes and gentle people in Sulphur, but most cattlemen are—as they've always been—a shiftless, happy-go-lucky lot at best, and some of them have been worse, as you know."

"I never dreamed of finding my mother in such a place," she went on. "I don't know what to do or say. She isn't well. I ought to stay and help her, and yet—oh, it is disheartening!"

Lize tapped Redfield on the shoulder. "Come over here, Reddy, if you have finished your breakfast. I want to talk with you."

Redfield rose and followed his landlady behind the counter and there sat in earnest conversation while she made change. The tone in which her mother addressed the supervisor, her action of touching him as one man lays hand upon another, was profoundly revealing to Lee Virginia. She revolted from it without realizing exactly what it meant, and, feeling deeply but vaguely the forest ranger's sympathy, she asked:

"How can you endure this kind of life?"

"I can't, and I don't," he answered cautiously, for they were being closely observed. "I am seldom in town. My dominion is more than a mile above this level. My cabin is 9,000 feet above the sea. It is clean and quiet up there."

"Are all the other restaurants in the village like this?"

"Worse. I come here because it is the best."

She rose. "I can't stand this air and these flies any longer. They're too disgusting."

He followed her into the other house, conscious of the dismay and bitterness which burst forth the instant they were alone. "What am I to do? She is my mother, but I've lost all sense of relationship to her. And these people, except you and Mr. Redfield, are all disgusting to me. It isn't because my mother is poor, it isn't because she's keeping boarders; it's something else." At this point her voice failed her.

"Let us go out into the air," suggested the ranger presently. "The mountain wind will do you good."

She followed him trustfully, and as she stepped from the squalor of the hotel into the splendor of the morning her head lifted. She drank the clear, crisp wind as one takes water in the desert.

"I CAN'T STAND THIS AIR AND THESE FLIES ANY LONGER."

"The air is clean, anyway," she said.

Cavanagh to divert her pointed away to the mountains. "There is my dominion. Up there I am sole ruler. No one can litter the earth with corruption or poison the streams."

She did not speak, but as she studied the ranger her face cleared. "It is beautiful up there."

He went on. "I hate all this scrap heap quite as heartily as you do, but up there are sweetness and sanity. The streams are germless, and the forest cannot be devastated. That is why I am a ranger. I could not endure life in a town like this."

He turned up the street toward the high hill to the south, and she kept step with him. As she did not speak, he asked, "What did you expect to do out here?"

"I hoped to teach," she replied, her voice still choked with her emotion. "I expected to find the country much improved."

"And so it is, but it is still a long way from an eastern state. Perhaps you will find the people less savage than they appear at first glance."

"It isn't the town or the people; it is my mother!" she burst forth again. "Tell me! A woman in the car yesterday accused my mother of selling whisky unlawfully. Is this so? Tell me!"

She faced him resolutely, and, perceiving that she could not be evaded, he made slow answer. "I don't know that she does, but I've heard it charged against her."

"Who made the charge?"

"One of the clergymen, and then it's common talk among the rough men of the town."

"But she's my mother!" wailed the girl, coming back to the central fact. "She has sent me money—she has been kind to me. What am I to do? She needs me, and yet the thought of staying here and facing her life frightens me."

The rotten board walks, the low rookeries, the unshaven, blear eyed men sitting on the thresholds of the saloons, the slattern squaws wandering abroad like bedraggled hens, made the girl stare with wonder and dismay. She had remembered the town street as a highway filled with splendid cavaliers, a list wherein heroic deeds were done with horse and pistol.

She perceived in the ranger the man of the new order, and with this in her mind she said: "You don't belong here? You're not a western man?"

"Not in the sense of having been born here," he replied. "I am, in fact, a native of England, though I've lived nearly twenty years of my life in the States."

She glanced at his badge. "How did you come to be a ranger—what does it mean? It's all new to me."

"It is new to the west," he answered smilingly, glad of a chance to turn her thought from her own personal griefs. "It has all come about since you went east. Uncle Sam has at last become provident and is now 'conserving his resources.' I am one of his representatives, with stewardship over some 90,000 acres of territory, mostly forest."

She looked at him with eyes of changing light. "You don't talk like an Englishman, and yet you are not like the men out here."

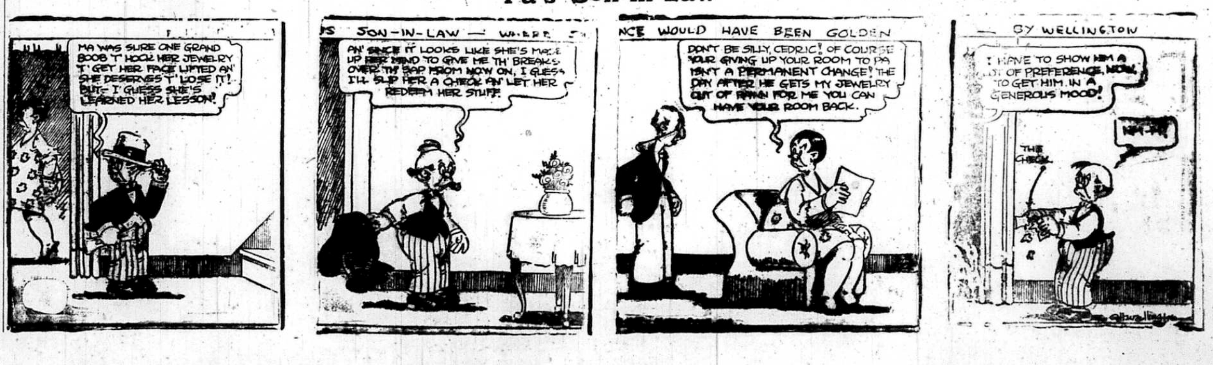
"I shouldn't care to be like some of them," he answered. "My being here is quite logical. I went into the cattle business like many another, and I went broke. I served under Colonel Roosevelt in the Cuban war and after my term was out naturally drifted back. I love the wilderness and have some natural taste for forestry, and I can ride and pack a horse as well as most cowboys; hence my uniform. I'm not the best forest ranger in the service, I'll admit, but I fancy I'm a fair average."

"And that is your badge—the pine tree?"

"Yes, and I am proud of it. Some of the fellows are not, but so far as I am concerned I am glad to be known as a defender of the forest. A tree means much to me. I never mark one for felling without a sense of responsibility to the future."

(Continued on page 5)

Pa's Son-in-Law


PA'S SON-IN-LAW — WHERE ... ENCE WOULD HAVE BEEN GOLDEN
BY WELLINGTON
MA WAS SURE ONE GRAND BOOB T' HOCK HER JEWELRY T' GET HER FACE LIFTED AN' SHE DESERVES T' LOSE IT! BUT- I GUESS SHE'S LEARNED HER LESSON!
AN' SINCE IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND TO GIVE ME TH' BREAKS OVER TH' SAP ROOM FROM NOW ON, I GUESS I'LL SLIP HER A CHECK AN' LET HER REDEEM HER STUFF!
DON'T BE SILLY, CEDRIC! OF COURSE YOUR GIVING UP YOUR ROOM TO PA ISN'T A PERMANENT CHANGE! THE DAY AFTER HE GETS MY JEWELRY OUT OF PAWN FOR ME YOU CAN HAVE YOUR ROOM BACK.
I HAVE TO SHOW HIM A ... OF PREFERENCE, NOW, TO GET HIM IN A GENEROUS MOOD!

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Striking Progress Made By Royal Bank of Canada During Past Fiscal Year

Banking History is Made as Result of Total Assets and Earnings Being Largest Ever Recorded by Any Bank in Canada—Assets Are $894,663,903.

The annual statement of The Royal Bank of Canada at date of November 30th last seems to be without exception the most remarkable document of the kind in the history of Canadian banking. It is not merely that it establishes new records for any Canadian bank in respect of total assets, total deposits, total profits and total shareholder's equity (capital, reserves and undivided profits), though that is important. But the really astonishing thing is the unprecedented rate at which the bank's business has expanded since the date of the previous statement, and this can only be shown by a comparison with the figures for 1926.

In the twelve months the assets of the bank have been increased by no less an amount than $128,287,000, representing a rate of about 16¾% per annum. There have been more sudden increases than this in the volume of a bank's business, but they have been produced by amalgamations, whereas this growth is purely the natural increment of a single institution, and is not contributed to by any purchase of the ready-made business of any other institution. During the year the bank issued $5,600,000 of new stock, which in the ordinary way would naturally take several years to bring about a proportional increase in the volume of the total assets; but so rapid has been the growth during the past year that the ratio of assets to capital is not very much lower than it was before the new stock was issued—about $29.82 per dollar of capital, against $31.41 a year ago.

BIG JUMP IN DEPOSITS.

One-half of the increase in volume of business is due to new interest bearing deposits amounting to 63 millions, and most of the remainder to new non-interest deposits at 47 millions. On the assets side, over 88 millions of the new funds have taken the form of cash or investments of the more liquid character, a very natural disposition when it is remembered that the interest-bearing deposits now constitute almost 60% of the external liabilities of the bank, and are largely in the nature of savings accounts.

HANDLING LARGE VOLUME OF TRADE.

The bank's commercial loans show an increase of over 42 millions, which however is well below the growth in non-interest deposits. The rate of increase in loans has been considerably higher in Canada than in the bank's non-Canadian business, which affords a gratifying evidence of the substantial improvement in Canadian trade activity. In spite of the very large proportion of assets carried in the form of cash and high grade securities (well over one-half the total), the profits for the year have been at a record level, not only for this bank, but for any institution in the history of Canadian banking. Thev amounted to $5,370,154, compared with 4,516,239 in the fiscal year of 1926. These profits added to the balance carried forward from the previous year made a total of $6,779,820 available for distribution, which was appropriated as follows: dividends and bonus $3,984,988; contribution to officers' pension fund $100,000; written off bank premises $400,000; reserve for Dominion Government taxes $485,000; leaving a balance of $1,809,831.

The balance sheet as usual shows an extremely strong liquid position. The liquid assets totalling $455,433,842 are in a ration of 57.33% to the liabilities to the public, while cash on hand and in banks at $183,651,551 is equivalent to 23.12% of the same liabilities.

Canadian banking has seldom, if ever, produced an annual statement more clearly indicative of the fruits of high enterprise, combined with sound and cautions management.

Audience Will Sit In Swivel Chairs on a Revolving Floor.

A theatre, planned on revolutionary lines, in which the stage is virtually set around the audience, will be built in Berlin. It has been designed by Prof. Gropius, the director of the theatre in Dessau, and Herr Piscator, the famous theatrical producer. Plans for the theatre, which are to be patented, contain the following features: (1) An oval auditorium with four stages protruding into it, one from each side; (2) A circular stage in the middle of the theatre; (3) Swivel chairs or a revolving floor, which will enable the spectators to turn around as the actors move from stage to stage.

The inventors who have been planning to construct a theatre where the audience is made to feel that they are actual witnesses of the events, believe that they have solved the problem by this design. A murder related by an actor on the main stage will be shown taking place at the same time on one or, if necessary, on all of the stages. The centre stage will be used for episodes where the audience are to be made to feel that they are members of a crowd in which some dramatic incident in the plays occur.

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WASHES, CARRIES COAL, WOMAN GAINS 18 POUNDS

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Ensilage.

We will be giving out Ensilage Wednesday, January 4th, to GROWERS ONLY. Hours 8 to 4.30, Saturdays 8 to 11 a.m.

THE NAPANEE CANNING CO.
6-b

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Napanee Horticultural Society will be held at the office of the Secretary on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, at 4 p.m.

W. S. HERRINGTON,
6-ap Secretary.

To the Citizens of Napanee.

Wishing you all a Prosperous New Year and thanking all those who supported me in the municipal contest, I remain,

Yours truly,
A. S. HUGHSON.

Regina Girl Laid to Rest.

The funeral of the late Miss Helen McCullough, aged 19, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mccullough, 1273 Argyle Street, Regina, was held from Speer's funeral parlors. Rev. Harry Joyce, of St. Andrew's United Chruch, conducted the service, interment being made in Regina cemetery. The late Miss McCullough was born in Toronto, but resided in Lonsdale for a number of years. While her health permitted she was an active member of St. Andrew's Church and also took part in Girl Guide work. She leaves to mourn her loss, besides her parents, one sister, who resides in Ontario. The pall bearers were Edward Blanche, James Condie, Malcolm Ferguson and Leonard Davie.

Scott-Allen Wedding

A quiet wedding was solemnized in Kingston last week when Miss Kay Allen, one of Kingston's most popular young ladies was united in marriage to Mr. Clarence W. Scott, of The International Bridge Company of Walkerville, and son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Scott, West street. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mildred Allen, and Mr. Don Scott, of Napanee, officiated as best man. At the conclusion of the servce a buffet luncheon was held at the bride's home, the happy couple leaving later for Napanee, where they spent a few days at the home of his parents. The many beautiful and costly gifts which, the bride received showed the esteem in which she was held in her native city, as well as in Napanee. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left on Sunday for their home in Walkerville and will reside at 107 Ontario street.

Late Ray Grooms.

Sincere regret will be felt by many in the death of Ray Grooms who passed away at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Grooms, Belleville Road, on Friday. The deceased was proprietor of a drug store in Toronto a number of years ago, but owing to ill health was forced to give up his profession. He returned to his home and though affected with heart trouble was able to be around as usual. The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia which followed an attack of pleurisy. He was a member of Union Lodge No. 9, A.F. & A.M., and was a faithful attendant at the lodge sessions. The funeral was held Monday afternoon at the resdence of his parents, Rev. Harry Pawson, pastor of Trinity United Church, officiating. The service was in charge of Union Lodge No. 9, quite a number of brethren being present to pay the last tribute which this great brotherhood can render to the dead. Interment was made in Riverside cemetery.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, First in a series on the Lord's Prayer.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "The Ten Commandments."

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, Jan. 11th, 7.30 p.m., Annual Congregational meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Bethany Church: Communion service 2.30 p.m.

Quarterly Official Board Friday, Jan. 6th, at 2.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Christmas Day services—

8.00—**Holy Communion.**

10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.

7.00—Evensong and sermon.

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prces:

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Skates Sharpened.

If you want to be absolutely sure that your skates are properly ground, leave them at the work shop of Harry Vine, on Bridge street. Satisfaction guaranteed and prompt service. 6

Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeting of the N. W. I. will be held in the usual place on Tuesday, Jan. 10th, at 2.30 p.m. The feature of the afternoon will be a demonstration in hooked rugs. Roll Call—Conundrums.

John Madill Dead.

Mr. John Madill, a former well known Napanee business man, died on Thursday last at his home in Toronto. Mr. Madill was the senior member of the firm of Madill Bros., who were in the dry goods business in Napanee for a number of years and later Mr. Madill was manager of the Napanee Brick and Tile plant. Of late years he has been the senior partner in the brokerage firm of Madill & Son, Toronto. His death, while not entirely unexpected, came as a shock to his many friends, both within and outside his business circle. Surviving are his widow and two sons, T. S. Madill, of Montreal, and Louis at home. The remains were brought to Napanee for interment in the family plot in Riverview cemetery.

CRAWLING BABY TROTS.

Camera Shows Body Balanced Diagonally by Leg and Arm.

Crawling babies do not pace, they trot. This disputed point has at last been shown by the camera, with the co-operation of a group of babies, at the psychological laboratory of Johns Hopkins University.

Babies from six months to seventeen months old, a cat and a bulldog were the subjects in the demonstration of walking technique. Each baby in turn was placed on the floor. In front of it a celluloid doll, a red rubber ball, or a shiny watch was dragged alluringly by a string, and as the baby set out after the toy the camera ground out its pictures.

Results of the experiment, just reported by Dr. Lenoir H. Burnside, says Science Service, show that babies are much more individual in their ways of getting around in the world than older people are. Speaking generally, a human being's first attempts at locomotion are merely struggling forward with much floundering and waving of arms and legs. Later, the baby's arms begin to work, left, right, in alternating rhythm, while his legs are still dragged or hitched after him in most unrhythmic fashion. Then he begins to carry his abdomen clear off the floor, and at last he develops a left, right motion of his legs, alternating them with his arms.

The dog and the cat moved along the floor in a pacing gait, the weight of the body being borne by the two legs on one side, and then by the two legs on the opposite side. But all of the babies trotted, keeping their weight balanced diagonally between a leg on one side and an arm on the other, though some of the younger crawlers single-footed.

Denmark to Open Second Free Port.

The free port of Copenhagen is equal in value to that of Constantinople, regarding its geographical location, for the northern countries, but it does not serve the western part of Denmark; hence the proposal to make a free port at Aalborg is welcome to the people of Jutland. The city has 60,000 inhabitants and is on the Limfjord, about 15 miles from the Cattegat.

Last year the imports amounted to 1,220,000 registered tons, while the exports were 585,000 ttns. It is also the centre of the Danish cement industry, of which 5,000,000 tons were exported last year.

Ancient Falls Harnessed.

A powerful hydro-electric station has been installed, derived its power from the falls of Terni, Italy, eulogized by Byron in "Childe Harold." The Romans created these falls with the object of liberating the plain of Rieti from inundations.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship.

11.45—Sunday School.

6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.

Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

TERRORIZED BY LIONS

Man-Eaters Kill Hundreds of Natives In Africa—Are Now Treated as Vermin.

The toll of human life taken by man-eating lions of Uganda is more than the average person is aware of, says a writer in Penny Pictorial. Except for the official figures the statement that one lion alone killed eighty-four natives before he was shot would hardly be believed. Another dined on forty, while over 100 natives were killed by a man-eating pack which terrorized the Mbarara-Kasaka road, a big, native bush thoroughfare.

Most man-eaters are old lions, stiff of muscle, loose of teeth, mangy and half blind, who get thrown out of the lion troop by spirited young lions; the old beasts find antelopes and bush-pigs, zebras and small buck, their natural prey, too swift of foot to hunt, and soon take to lurking round the kraals where fowls, dogs, goats, and cattle fall an easy prey. A native armed only with a spear or club comes out to drive the lion off, the great beast tastes its first human blood, and, once it has tasted, its lust for more becomes insatiable.

But Uganda, says the writer, is menaced by a new peril in the shape of lions which from early cubhood have the man-eater taint inherent in their blood. In no other manner can the fact be explained that as soon as known man-eaters are destroyed others come in troops to prey upon the kraals. Such are the lions which prowl around the stockaded camps where plantation porters live.

These lions share the same inborn man-eater lust as the bush-lions of Tanganyika, which are so cunning that even renowned white hunters have averred them to be animals bewitched.

Eight of such lions killed over 200 natives in six months in three small villages of which the writer was in charge, holding the kraals in a state of siege so that no one could venture from their hut until midmorning for fear of being pounced upon, while all huts had to be barricaded by four o'clock in the afternoon.

At night the lions took complete possession. Imagine the windows of your brick house barred and shut, the doors bolted, with eight man-eating lions prowling in the garden! Think then of the native's plight in his mud-and-wattle hut with its scanty roof of thatch only six feet from the ground.

Crouching in such a native hut, the poor black mother clutches her whimpering baby, the children hide under the oxhide sleeping mats, the warrior hut-owner, gripping his spear, stands helpless; to venture out spells instant death — to stay cowering within may not defer an awful fate, for bush-lions with the rage of their inborn man-eater taint, will batter on a door or tear a hole in walls and roof.

Concealed with a native family in such a hut at Ushora, a small kraal in Tanganyika, the writer sat one night to shoot two young lions, notorious man-eaters. In the pitch-black gloom outside the huge beasts padded round the hut, sniffing at every crevice, clawing at the door and roaring so lustily that the mud plaster of the wattle walls cracked and tumbled in bits from its lattice. One of the lions leaped upon the roof, tearing a great hole in the thatch, and would have made a shambles of that hut, killing the native owner, his two wives and five children as a fox might kill hens in a roost, had not a lucky shot put an end to its career.

One is not surprised to hear that the lion, whether man-eater or not, has been classed as "vermin" in East Africa, for everyone to kill by poison, trap, or gun. The British Government gives free traps, smooth-bore guns, and poison to the natives for lion-killing.

In Portuguese East Africa, where such human steps have not been taken, over four thousand helpless natives have been killed by man-eater lions in the past twelve months, and a real army of three hundred European hunters and native trackers have been engaged to fight the man-eater menace.

Our Most Beautiful City.

According to word received from Oxford, England, the city of Quebec is honored by being cited as the only city in North America able to compete in beauty with those of Europe and Asia. In other words, Quebec is included among the list of the twenty most beautiful cities in the world (barring South America and Australia), as viewed by Sir Michael Sadler, Master of University College, Oxford. His list is as follows: Rome, Florence, Venice, Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, Paris, Stockholm, the Hague, Budapest, Nurnberg, Rothenburg, Ob-der-Toben, Dijon, Angouleme, Quebec, Agra, Benares, Edinburgh, Bath, Oxford.

Can Raise Nursery Stock.

British Columbia is capable of producing all the bulbs, rose bushes, fruit trees, ornamental trees and seeds that the Canadian people can use, it is claimed by authorities there. Millions of dollars each year go out of Canada for nursery stock that could be raised in British Columbia and delivered to the buyers several weeks earlier than it could be imported from overseas.

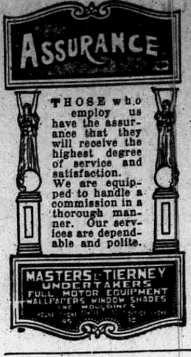
Fancy Garb for Aldermen.

The aldermen of Grimsby, England, who hitherto have had no distinctive clothes of office, are to appear in fur-trimmed blue robes and cocked hats, the gift of the mayor and mayoress, Councillor and Mrs. L. K. Osmond.

Lutheran Immigrants.

The Lutheran Immigration Board, brought 2,530 immigrants into Canada during **1927.**

Roll Wrapping in all widths.
Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE



THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES AND MOULDINGS

TO ENRICH MUSEUMS

Explorers Going Into Far Corners of the Earth for Additions to Collection of Specimens.

The year 1928 will be an outstanding period for the big museums of the United States, says the Christian Science Monitor. A large number of expeditions are to be sent to the far corners of the earth and, with those now in the field, are expected by museum authorities to greatly enrich collections of the chief museums in the country, especially the Museum of Natural History in New York.

One of the most colorful of these expeditions has just set out from New York for Bombay, from where it will travel along the border of the Kingdom of Nepal to Lucknow in search of the four-horned antelope and other specimens. The expedition is expected to penetrate far into the Himalayas.

About the time this expedition arrives in Asia, another party of explorers will leave New York for the uncharted lands of the far north to look for ribbon seals, sea otters and gold.

While this is going on, salamanders will be sought in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. Ovis poli from Chinese Turkestan, colorful birds from the White and Blue Nile rivers in Africa and mammals from the Roraima plateau in southern Africa will engage the attention of other explorers.

Announcement of the two new expeditions has just been made by the museum. The Stoll-McCracken Siberian-Arctic expedition will embark from Seattle April 1 for Kamchatka, a Russian province on the Bering Sea. The explorers will seek Mongolian mummies antedating the mummies found in the Egyptian tombs.

The expedition on which the four-horned antelope will be sought is sponsored by Arthur S. Vernay and Col. J. C. Faunthorpe of New York. They have just left for Bombay.

The Central Asiatic Expedition, which has been examining fossil sites in Yunan province, in southern China, will take the field again early this year, the museum reports. Their operations were postponed because of the unsettled political conditions there.

An extensive expedition to obtain motion pictures for school service work was headed by Philip Pratt. He visited Alexandria, Jaffa, Beirut, Piraeus, and cities in Hungary, Turkey, Germany, Rumania and Egypt.

Not all of the work of the museum is confined to foreign countries. Extensive research work is being done throughout the United States.

The Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest were scenes of an extensive study of Indian dancing and sign language.

Pliocene fossils were sought for in western Nebraska and Wyoming. Investigations coucerning salamanders, amphibians and reptilian fauna were made in North Carolina and Kentucky.

Despite the large private support given to the research of the Museum of Natural History, the expeditions during the fiscal year of 1926-27 resulted in a deficit of $156,000, according to the report of H. F. Osborn, president of the museum.

BOY SCOUTS INCREASE

Will Hold a Great International Jamboree In 1929—Democratic Brotherhood.

The Boy Scout movement is nearing its 21st birthday, which will be celebrated in Great Britain by a great International Jamboree in 1929, writes Lord Hampton, Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts' Association, in an interview published in the London Daily Mail.

It has successfully weathered, says the article, early ridicule and opposition; and, in spite of misunderstanding, which dies hard, may be said generally to have gained the confidence and support of the public.

On all sides unstinted praise is now substituted for the harsh criticisms of years gone by. But the effects of mistaken judgment linger, and the Scout movement is hampered by this unconscious influence to-day.

Political opinions may be diametrically opposed, but sincere politicians must unite in believing that friendship between man and man is an ideal, and one which can be realized only through the agency of the sympathy bred of knowledge and understanding. Now in wishing to establish a common standard of honor and good-fellowship the Public School code and the Scout code are identical. And yet up to two or three years ago public school boys held back from joining the national movement —a state of affairs partly due to the fact that the school curriculum was already crowded and that it was thought impossible to find room for Scout training.

To-day, however, it is hoped that public school men will come forward in ever-swelling numbers to take their share in leadership, for Scoutmasters are welcomed from all walks of life. And there is another way in which they can be of great assistance to the country by so doing.

In times past the greater part of the land was divided into large estates, owned by squires, who, usually, were in close touch with the servants and tenants on their lands. Now, however, taxes and the gradual reduction of private wealth has caused the gradual break-up of estates with a resulting cleavage between the squire and tenant class.

By establishing close relations with the public and preparatory schools, says the article, the Scout organization can do much to bridge this gap. As Scout troops are introduced more generally into these schools, the boys will profit by the essentially democratic nature of the Scout Brotherhood, and a proportion of them, at any rate, will be inclined to devote their leisure later on in life to running troops, and will realize that, as a game, Scouting more than equals any other.

Realizing this fact, and also that the Scout is provided with a magnificent training in citizenship, approximately forty public school and eighty preparatory schools have already started Scout troops of their own.

Scouting has been built up on the self-sacrificing enthusiasm and labor of men and women drawn from all sources. Every trade and profession —and probably every grade in them —is represented amongst Scoutmasters. And many of the best leaders in the movement are men and women who have had few privileges and, perhaps, even a constant struggle with adversity. But in Scouting those more fortunate or better endowed with this world's goods can join forces with them in a perfectly natural and unforced atmosphere.

To cultivate unity of purpose, to develop the spirit of brotherhood and mutual consideration between members of all walks of life, thus enabling the nation to present a united front to forces of disintegration, should be one of the natural results of the Scout movement.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Comedy of an unusual nature, has a large place in "NO PLACE TO GO." Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes supply most of it in the featured roles.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

The thrill and lure of life backstage is portrayed in all its realism in 'THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE' the Universay-Jewel.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Big Double Show—Two features.

"HEAVENS ON EARTH," with Renee Adoree and Conrad Nagel in the leading role.

Also another special selected feature in six parts.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. *The Great English Preparation.* Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins ● Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5 ● Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price ● *New pamphlet mailed free.* **THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.**

23-1-y

Against that Day

THE fabled years of ancient Egypt's fulness and famine—the striking lessons found in other historic facts and natural life processes establish **saving** among the fundamental laws upon which Nature makes her sure indictments. Follow your natural, personal interest to "lay by in store" by adding regular instalments to a savings account in the Standard Bank.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Suede-Fabric Gloves

WITH FANCY CUFFS

This is an unheard of price on up-to-date Gloves of such Good Quality

JB467—This splendid assortment of Suede Fabric Gloves consists of several different styles of fancy embroidered turned cuffs, in such colors as Sand, Mode, Grey and Beaver, in sizes 6 to 8. A big value if sold at 65c. A remarkable opportunity for you—don't miss it! DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair.......................... **39C.**

Big Savings on School Supplies

A Big Scribbler and a Good Pencil, both at exactly half price—Get several of each.

GB471—144 pages of good, plain heavy newsprint paper. Comic cuts on the front and Arithmetical Tables on the back. A regular 5c. scribbler. Get them now when you need them. DURING THREE BIG DAYS................ **2 FOR 5C.**

GB472—Colored Hexagon shaped Pencil with Metal Tip and Rubber, and good quality Lead. A regular 5c. number. DURING THREE BIG DAYS........... **2 FOR 5C.**

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Extra Fine Towels of Pure Linen

Size 18 x 34 Inches

"A Maker's Clearing Lot"—The cause of this Big Saving Price for you.

HB466—Towels made of very fine quality Huckaback with ¼-inch Hemstitched ends, heavily Damasked pattern in floral design on end and space left for Monogram. The Towel measures 18 x 34 inches. Regular 75c. value, while they last. DURING 3 BIG DAYS, each........... **49C.**

WE'VE SET YOUNG 'MR. 1928' TO WORK. FOR YOU ALREADY!

THE merchandise offerings featured herein are a foretaste of the saving-values this lusty Youngster will "dig-up" for you—Get them at this store

DURING

3 BIG DAYS

JAN. 5 THU.
JAN. 6 FRI.
JAN. 7 SAT.

SALE ENDS SATURDAY

Huckaback Towels of Pure Linen

Low Priced

Our "Three Big Days" Price is about half their real value

HB464—A Pure Linen Huckaback Towel with one-inch hemstitched ends with Damasked design on both ends. (We secured our share of a large manufacturer's clearing line). Measures about 18x33 inches. Regularly sold at50c. DURING 3 BIG DAYS, each .... **29C.**

Men's Woollen Gloves

A WARM QUALITY

You will be surprised when you come to our store and see these and note the price

FB474—A heavy Scotch knitted seamless wool Glove with ribbed cuff. In colors of Dark Heather, Light Heather, and Grey. In three Men's sizes. A regular 75c. Glove. It will pay you to get several pairs at this exceptionally low price. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair........... **49C.**

Colored Bordered Handkerchiefs

A splendid number for school girls and at our price an extraordinary price for you

HB463—A very fine quality White Lawn Handkerchief with ¼-inch Colored Hemstitched Borders, also with fancy Colored contrasting Stripings inside the Border with Dimity Stripes. This Handkerchief must be seen in order that you may appreciate the value. Usually sold at 15c. Secure a good quantity of these. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each **10C.**

Men's Winter Weight Work Shirts

MADE RIGHT IN EVERY WAY

A real opportunity for you to save on an every-day need.

FB475—Men's Cotton Military Flannel Work Shirt in Grey mixture color. Made full and roomy, double stitched throughout, re-inforced at side-vent, Pearl Buttons. In fact, just a real good shirt. In sizes 14½ to 17. Easily worth $1.25. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each.................................. **89C.**

Breakfast Cloths of Pure Linen

Comes in two serviceable sizes and it's a real January saving value for you.

HB465—A cream Breakfast Cloth of Pure Linen in allover dice pattern with colored borders of Gold, Blue, Pink, Helio. Comes in two splendid sizes as below.

44x44 inches, regular $1.50 values. DURING 3 BIG DAYS, each................ **98C.**

54x54 inches, regular $1.85 value. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each.... **$1.29**

Special! Wash Cloths of White Terry Cloth

Always a Useful Household Article. Lay in a good supply at this Opportunity

AB462—Made from good, heavy, white Terry Cloth, in size 11 x 11 inches. A very serviceable Wash Cloth with Button-holed edges in an assortment of fancy stripes in colors of Helio, Blue, Pink, and Gold. A splendid 10c. Face Cloth. Will sell out quickly at our special price. DURING THREE BIG DAYS **4 FOR 25C.**

Soap! A Good Quality at a Low Price

Secure Your Share of this 4 Ounce Soap at our Special Price

GB473—Beauty Bath Soap. The big, round cake, weight four full ounces—so soft and easy on the skin. In dainty odors of Lilac, and Rose. Secure your share this month. A regular 10c. cake. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each.................................... **5C.**

5 Cakes only to a Customer.

Good Safety Pins at 3 Cards for 5 cents

Just a small item but its another January opportunity for you to make a saving.

GB470—Well-made, heavily nickled Safety Pins with Needle Points and well-protected Shield. Three useful sizes assorted on each card of one dozen. Usually sold at 5c. a card. Get these Pins at the store. DURING THREE BIG DAYS....................... **3 CARDS FOR 5C.**

Women's Gingham House Aprons

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

This is a timely offering, and a value we're sure you will appreciate

MB468—Aprons made from a good quality of Gingham, in a large assortment of patterns and colorings. Aprons cover whole front of dress. Made up in four different styles with pocket with contrasting colored binding. Good value at 50c. Your opportunity to save on dependable quality Aprons. DURING 3 BIG DAYS, each **39C.**

House Dresses in Up-to-Date Styles--Well Made of Serviceable Materials.

This Splendid Assortment Priced to Net You a Very Substantial Saving

MB469—We shared in a Dress Manufacturers' tremendous Clearing Lot. The assortment is made up of twelve of the newest styles of Dresses, some with Short Sleeves, some with Long. Well trimmed with Pleatings, Pockets, Buttons, etc., and made of materials such as Broadcloths, Cotton Foulards, Victoria Prints, etc., in both light and dark colorings, in a large variety of patterns, and note the sizes. Women's sizes 16 to 44 for **regular figures,** and sizes 46 to 51 for **stout figures.** Dresses that usually sold from $2.00 to $3.00 in the assortment. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each.. **$1.59**

Always Glad to Serve You **MacGREGOR'S STORE** **NAPANEE**

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1910, by Hamlin Garland

Her questions came slowly, like those of a child. "Where do you live?"

"Directly up the South Fork about twenty miles."

"What do you do?"

He smiled. "Not much. I ride the trails, guard the game, put out fires, scale lumber, burn brush, build bridges, herd cattle, count sheep, survey land and a few other odd chores. It's supposed to be a soft snap, but I can't see it that way."

"Do you live alone?"

"Yes, for the larger part of the time. I have an assistant, who is with me during part of the summer months. Mostly I am alone. However, I am supposed to keep open house, and I catch a visitor now and then."

"Do you expect to do this always?"

He smiled again. "There you touch my secret spring. I have the hope of being chief forester some time—I mean we all have the prospect of promotion to sustain us. The service is so new that any one with even a knowledge of forestry is in demand. By and by real foresters will arise."

She returned abruptly to her own problem. "I dread to go back to my mother, but I must. Oh, how I hate that hotel! I loathe the flies, the smells, the people that eat there, the waiters—everything!" She shuddered.

"Many of the evils you mention could be reformed, except, of course, some of the people who come to eat. I fear several of them have gone beyond reformation."

As they started back down the street she saw the motor stage just leaving the door of the office. "That settles one question," she said. "I can't get away till tomorrow."

"Where would you go if you broke camp—back to the east?"

"No. My mother thinks there is a place for me in Sulphur City."

"Your case interests me deeply. I wish I could advise you to stay, but this is a rough town for a girl like you. Why don't you talk the problem over with the supervisor?" His voice became firmer. "Mrs. Redfield is the very one to help you."

"Where does she live?"

"Their ranch lies just above Sulphur, at the mouth of the canyon. May I tell him what you've told me? He's a good sort, is Redfield—much better able to advise than I am."

Cavanagh found himself enjoying the confidence of this girl so strangely thrown into his care, and the curious comment of the people in the street did not disturb him except as it bore upon his companion's position in the town.

At the door of the hotel some half a dozen men were clustered. As the young couple approached they gave way, but a short, powerful man, whom Lee Virginia recognized as Gregg, the sheepman, called to the ranger:

"I want to see you before you leave town, Mr. Ranger."

"Very well. I shall be here all the forenoon," answered Cavanagh in the tone of a man accepting a challenge. Then, turning to the girl, he said earnestly: "I want to help you. I shall be here for lunch, and meanwhile I wish you would take Redfield into your confidence. He's a wise old boy, and everybody knows him. No one doubts his motives. Besides, he has a family and is rich and unhurried. Would you like me to talk with him?"

"If you will. I want to do right, indeed, I do."

"I'm sure of that," he said, with eyes upon her flushed and quivering face. "There's a way out, believe me."

CHAPTER III.

LIZE AND HER DAUGHTER.

THEY parted on the little porch of the hotel, and her eyes followed his upright figure till he entered one of the shops. He had precisely the look and bearing of a young lieutenant in the regular army. She returned to her own room strangely heartened by her talk with the ranger.

She was still pondering when her mother came in.

"How'd you sleep last night?"

Lee Virginia could not bring herself to lie. "Not very well," she admitted.

"Neither did I. Fact of the matter is your coming fairly upset me. I've been kind of used up for three months. I don't know what ails me. I'd ought to go up to Sulphur to see a doctor, but there don't seem to be any free time. I 'pear to have lost my grip. Food don't give me any strength. I saw you talking with Ross Cavanagh. There's a man. And Reddy—Reddy is what you call a fancy rancher; goes in for alfalfy and fruit and all that. He isn't in the forest service for the pay or for graft. He's got a regular palace up there above Sulphur—hot and cold water all through the house, a furnace in the cellar and two bathrooms, so they tell me; I never was in the place. You better keep out of the caffy. It ain't a fit place for you. Fact is, I wasn't expecting anything so fine as you are. I laid awake till 3 o'clock last night figuring on what to do. I reckon you'd better go back and give this outfit up as a bad job. I used to tell Ed you didn't belong to neither of us, and you don't. I can't see where you did come from—anyhow, I don't want the responsibility of having you here. Why, you'll have half the men in the county hitching to my corral. You're too good for any of them. You just plan to pack up and pull out tomorrow."

She went out with a dragging step that softened the girl's heart. Lize's daughter came nearer to loving her at this moment than at any time since her fifth year.

In truth, Lize had risen that morning intending "to whirl in and clean up the house," being suddenly conscious to some degree of the dirt and disorder around her, but she found herself physically unequal to the task. Her brain seemed misted, and her food had been a source of keen pain to her.

She gave sharp answers to all the men who came up to ask after her daughter, and to one who remarked on the girl's good looks and demanded an introduction she said: "Get along! You fellers want to understand I'll kill the man that sets out to fool with my girl, I tell you that!"

While yet Lee Virginia was wondering how to begin the day's work some one knocked on her door, and in answer to her invitation a woman stepped in—a thin blond hag with a weak smile and watery blue eyes. "Is this little Lee Virginny?" she asked.

The girl rose. "Yes."

"Well, howdy?" She extended her hand, and Lee took it. "My name's Jackson—Mrs. Orlando Jackson. I knew yore pa and you before 'the war.' Are ye back fer to stay?"

"No, I don't think so. Will you sit down?"

Mrs. Jackson took a seat. "Come back to see how yore ma was, I reckon? Found her pretty porely, didn't ye?" She lowered her voice. "I think she's got cancer of the stummick—now that's my guess."

Virginia started. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, I knew a woman who went just that way. Had that same flabby, funny look and that same distress after eatin'. I told her this mornin' she'd better go up to Sulphur and see that new doctor."

"What did you mean by 'the war?'" asked Virginia.

"Why, you remember the rustler war? We date everything out here from that year. You was here, for I saw ye."

"Oh!" exclaimed Virginia. "I understand now. Yes, I was here. I saw my father at the head of the cowboys."

"They weren't cowboys. They were hired killers from Texas. That's what let yore pa out o' the state. He were on the wrong side, and if it hadn't 'a' been for the regular soldiers he'd 'a' been wiped out right hyer. As it was he had to skip the range and hain't never been back. I don't s'pose folks will lay it up agin you bein' a girl—but they couldn't no son of Ed Wetherford come back here and settle, not for a minute. Why, yere ma has had to bluff the whole county a'most—not that I lay anything up agin her. I tell folks she was that bewitched with Ed she couldn't see things any way but his way. He fought to save his ranch and stawk, but she couldn't do nothin'—and then to have him go back on her the way he did—slip out 'twixt two days and never write; that just about shot her to pieces. I never could understand that in Ed; he 'peared so mortally fond of you and of her too. He sure was fond of you!" She shook her head. "No, can't anybody make me believe Ed Wetherford is alive."

Lee Virginia started. "Who says he's alive?"

"Now, don't get excited, girl. He ain't alive, but yet folks say we don't know he's dead. He jest dropped out so far as yore ma is concerned and so far as the county is concerned, but some thought you was with him in the east."

The girl was now aware that her visitor was hoping to gain some further information and so curtly answered: "I've never seen my father since that night the soldiers came and took him away to the fort. And my mother told me he died down in Texas."

Mrs. Jackson rose. "Well, I'm glad to 've had a word with ye; but, you hear me, yore ma has got to have doctor's help or she's a-goin' to fall down some day soon."

Every word the woman uttered, every tone of her drawling voice, put Lee Virginia back into the past. She heard again the swift gallop of hoofs, saw once more the long line of armed ranchers and felt the hush of fear that lay over the little town on that fateful day. The situation became clearer in her mind. She recalled vividly the words of astonishment and hate with which the women had greeted her mother on the morning when the news came that Edward Wetherford was among the invading cattle barons—was indeed one of the leaders.

In Philadelphia the Rocky mountain states were synonyms of picturesque lawlessness, the theater of reckless romance, and Virginia Wetherford, loyal daughter of the west, had defended it, but in the coarse phrase of this lean rancheress was pictured a land of border warfare as ruthless as that which marked the Scotland of Rob Roy.

Commonplace as the little town looked at the moment, it had been the scene of many a desperate encounter, as the girl herself could testify, for she had seen more than one man killed therein.

Then her mind came back to her mother's ailment. Eliza Wetherford had never been one to complain, and her groans meant real suffering.

Her mind resolved upon one thing. "She must see a doctor," she decided. And with this in mind she re-entered the cafe, where Lize was in violent altercation with a waitress.

(Continued on page 6)

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

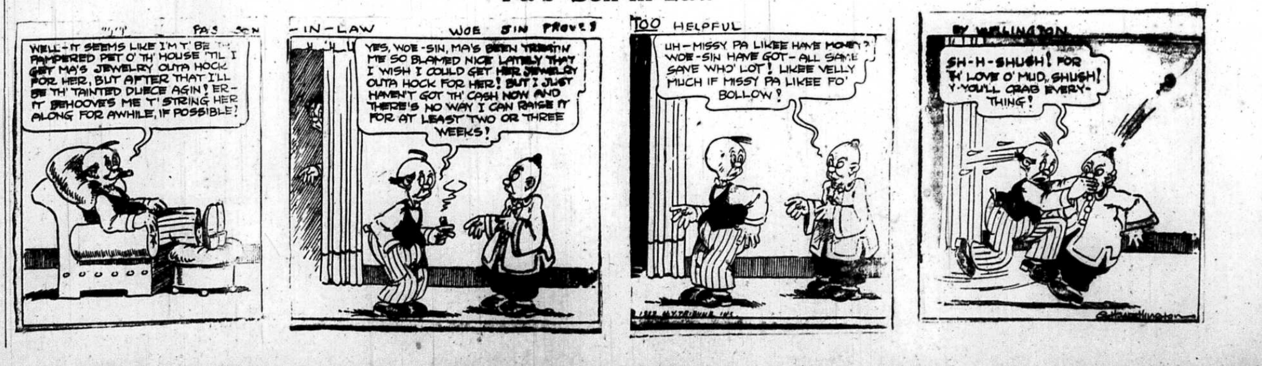
When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Pa's Son-in-Law


PA'S SON-IN-LAW
WOE SIN PROVES TOO HELPFUL
BY WELLINGTON
WELL—IT SEEMS LIKE I'M T' BE TH' PAMPERED PET O' TH' HOUSE 'TIL I GET MA'S JEWELRY OUTA HOCK FOR HER, BUT AFTER THAT I'LL BE TH' TAINTED DUECE AGIN! ER—IT BEHOOVES ME T' STRING HER ALONG FOR AWHILE, IF POSSIBLE!
YES, WOE-SIN, MA'S BEEN TREATIN' ME SO BLAMED NICE LATELY THAT I WISH I COULD GET HER JEWELRY OUTA HOCK FOR HER! BUT I JUST HAVEN'T GOT TH' CASH NOW AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN RAISE IT FOR AT LEAST TWO OR THREE WEEKS!
UH—MISSY PA LIKEE HAVE MONEY? WOE-SIN HAVE GOT—ALL SAME SAVE WHO' LOT! LIKEE VELLY MUCH IF MISSY PA LIKEE FO' BOLLOW!
SH-H-SHUSH! FOR TH' LOVE O' MUD, SHUSH! Y-YOU'LL GRAB EVERYTHING!

Cavanagh Forest Ranger

(Continued from page 5)

LIZE WAS IN VIOLENT ALTERCATION WITH A WAITRESS.

"Mother," called Lee, "I want to see you."

With a parting volley of vituperation Mrs. Wetherford followed her daughter back into the lodging house.

"Mother," the girl began, facing her and speaking firmly, "you need help, and if the doctor here can't help you you must go to Sulphur or to Kansas City. I can run the boarding house until you get back."

Eliza eyed her curiously. "Don't you go to counting on this 'chivalry of the west' which story writers put into books. These men out here will eat you up if you don't watch out. I wouldn't dare to leave you here alone. No; what I'll do is sell the place, if I can, and both of us get out."

"But you need a doctor this minute."

"I'll be all right in a little while: I'm always the worst for an hour or two after I eat. This little squirt of a local doctor gave me some dope to ease that pain, but I've got my doubts—I don't want any morphine habit in mine. No, daughter Virginny, it's mighty white of you to offer, but you don't know what you're up against when you contract to step into my shoes."

Visions of reforming methods about the house passed through the girl's mind. "There must be something I can do. Why don't you have the doctor come down here?"

"I might do that if I get any worse, but I hate to have you stay in the house another night. It's only fit for these goats of cowboys and women like Hett Jackson. I don't care till somebody like you or Reddy or Ross comes along.

"No, child; you get ready and pull out on the Sulphur stage tomorrow. I'll pay your way back to Philadelphy."

"I can't leave you now, mother. Now that I know you're ill I'm going to stay and take care of you."

Lize rose. "See here, girl, don't you go to idealizing me neither. I'm what the boys call an old battleax. I've been through the whole war. I'm able to feed myself and pay your board besides. Just you find some decent boarding place in Sulphur, and I'll see that you have $10 a week to live on just because you're a Wetherford."

"But I'm your daughter!"

Again Eliza fixed a musing look upon her. "I reckon if the truth was known your Aunt Sella was nigher to being your mother than I ever was. They always said you was all Wetherford, and I reckon they were right."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW WEST AND THE OLD.

THE knowledge that she must spend another night in the inn led Lee Virginia to active measures of reform. She hurried from one needed reform to another. She drew others into the vortex.

She organized the giggling waiters into a warring party and advanced upon the flies. By hissing and shooing and the flutter of newspapers they drove the enemy before them, and a carpenter was called in to mend screen doors and windows, thus preventing their return. New shades were hung to darken the room and new tablecloths purchased to replace the old ones, and the whole place had such a cleaning as it had not known before in five years.

In this work the time passed swiftly, and when Redfield and Cavanagh came again to lunch they exclaimed in astonishment, as, indeed, every one did.

"How's this?" queried Cavanagh humorously. "Has the place 'changed hands?' "

Lize was but grimly responsive. "Seems like it has."

"I hope the price has not gone up."

"Not yet."

Redfield asked, "Who's responsible for this—your new daughter?"

"You've hit it. She's started right in to polish us all up to city standards. She can run the whole blame outfit if she's a mind to—even if I go broke for it. The work she got out of them girls is a wonder."

Lee Virginia came in flushed and self conscious, but far lighter of spirit than at breakfast, and stood beside the table while the waitress laid the dishes before her guests with elaborate assumption of grace and design. Hitherto she had bumped them down with a slash of slangy comment. The change was quite as wonderful as the absence of the flies.

"Do we owe these happy reforms to you?" asked Cavanagh, admiring Virginia's neat dress and glowing cheeks.

"Partly," she answered. "I was desperate. I had to do something, so I took to ordering people around."

"I understand," he said. "Won't you sit at our table again?"

"Please do," said Redfield. "I want to talk with you."

She took a seat a little hesitatingly. "You see, I studied domestic science at school, and I've never had a chance to apply it before."

"Here's your opportunity," Redfield assured her. "My respect for the science of domestics is growing. I marvel to think what another week will bring forth. I think I'll have to come down again just to observe the improvement in the place."

"It can't last," Lize interjected. "She'll catch the western habits. She'll sag, same as we all do."

"No, she won't," declared Ross, with intent to encourage her. "If you give her a free hand I predict she'll make your place the wonder and boast of the county-side."

"When do you go back to the mountains?" Lee Virginia asked a little later.

"Immediately after my luncheon," he replied.

She experienced a pang of regret and could not help showing it a little. "Your talk helped me," she said. "I've decided to stay and be of use to my mother."

Redfield overheard this and turned toward her.

"I want Mrs. Redfield to know you. I'm sure her advice will be helpful. I hope you'll come up and see us if you decide to settle in Sulphur or if you don't."

"I should like to do so," she said, touched by the tone as well as by the words of his invitation.

"Redfield's house is one of the few completely civilized homes in the state," put in Cavanagh. "When I get so weary of cuss words and poaching and graft that I can't live without killing some one I go down to Elk Lodge and smoke and read the supervisor's London and Paris weeklies and recover my tone."

Redfield smiled. "When I get weak-kneed or careless in the service and feel my self respect slipping away I go up to Ross' cabin and talk with a man who represents the impersonal, even handed justice of the federal law."

Cavanagh laughed. "There! Having handed each other reciprocal bouquets, we can now tell Miss Wetherford the truth. Each of us thinks very well of himself, and we're both believers in the new west."

"What do you mean by the new west?" asked the girl.

"Well, the work you've been doing here this morning is part of it," answered Redfield. "It's a kind of housecleaning. The old west was picturesque and in a way manly and fine—certain phases of it were heroic—and I hate to see it all pass, but some of us began to realize that it was not all poetry. The plain truth is my companions for over twenty years were lawless ruffians, and the cattle business as we practiced it in those days was founded on selfishness and defended at the mouth of the pistol. We were all pensioners on Uncle Sam and fighting to keep the other fellow off from having a share of his bounty. It was all wasteful, half savage. We didn't want settlement; we didn't want law; we didn't want a state. We wanted free range. We were a line of pirates from beginning to end, and we're not wholly reformed yet."

Some one at the table accused Redfield of being more of a town site boomer than a cattleman.

He was quite unmoved by this charge. "The town site boomer at least believes in progress. He does not go so far as to shut out settlement. I don't care to have my children live the life I've lived. Besides, what right have we to stand in the way of a community's growth? Suppose the new life is less picturesque than the old. We don't like to leave behind us the pleasures and sports of boyhood, but we grow up nevertheless. I'm far more loyal to the state as forest supervisor than I was when I was riding with the cattlemen to scare up the nester."

At this moment Sam Gregg entered the room, followed by a young man in an English riding suit. Seeing that "the star boarder table" offered a couple of seats, they pointed that way. Sam was plainly in a warlike frame of mind and slammed his sombrero on its nail with the action of a man beating an adversary.

"That is Sam Gregg and his son Joe. Used to be ranch cattleman, now one of our biggest sheepmen," Cavanagh explained. "He's bucking the cattlemen now."

Lee Virginia studied young Gregg with interest, for his dress was that of a man to whom money came easy, and his face was handsome, though rather fat and sullen. In truth, he had been brought into the room by his father to see "Lize Wetherford's girl," and his eyes at once sought and found her. A look of surprise and pleasure at once lit his face.

Gregg was the greedy west checked and restrained by the law. Every man in the room knew that he was a bitter opponent of the forest service and that he "had it in" for the ranger, and some of them knew that he was throwing more sheep into the forest than his permits allowed and that a clash with Redfield was sure to come. It was just like the burly old Irishman to go straight to the table where his adversary sat.

Virginia's eyes fell before the gaze of these two men, for they had none of the shyness and none of the indirection of the ruder men she had met.

Redfield did not soften his words on Gregg's account. On the contrary, he made them still more cutting and to the line.

"The mere fact that I live near the open range or a national forest does not give me any rights in the range or forest," he was saying as Gregg took his seat. "I enjoy the privilege of these government grazing grounds, and I ought to be perfectly willing to pay the fee. These forests are the property of the whole nation. They are public lands and should yield a revenue to the whole nation. It is silly to expect the government to go on enriching a few of us stockmen at the expense of others. I see this, and I accept the change."

"After you've got rich at it," said Gregg.

"Well, haven't you?" retorted Redfield. "Are you so greedy that nothing will stop you."

Gregg growled out: "I'm not letting any of my rights slip. I'll have your head, Mr. Supervisor. I'll carry my fight to the secretary."

"Very well," returned Redfield, "carry it to the president if you wish I simply repeat that your sheep must correspond to your permit, and if you don't send up and remove the extra number I will do it myself. I don't make the rules of the department. My job is to carry them out."

By this time every person in the room was tense with interest. They all knew Gregg and his imperious methods. Some of the cattlemen in the room had suffered from his greed, and, while they were not partisans of the supervisor, they were glad to see him face his opponent fearlessly.

Lize delivered a parting blow: "Bullfrog, you and me are old timers. We're on the losing side. We belong to the 'good old days' when the Fork was a 'man's town' and to be 'shot up' once a week kept us in news. But them times are past. You can't run the range that way any more. Why, man, you'll have to buy and fence your own pasture in a few years more or else pay rent same as I do. You stockmen kick like steers over paying a few old cents a head for five months' range; you'll be mighty glad to pay a dollar one of these days. Take your medicine—that's my advice." And she went back to her cash drawer.

Redfield's voice was cuttingly contemptuous as he said quite calmly: "You're all kinds of asses, you sheepmen. You ought to pay the fee for your cattle with secret joy. So long as you can get your stock pastured (and in effect guarded) by the government from June to November for 20 cents or even 50 cents per head you're in luck. Mrs. Wetherford is right. We've all been educated in a bad school. Uncle Sam has been too lazy to keep any supervision over his public lands. He's permitted us grass pirates to fight and lynch and burn one another on the high range (to which neither of us had any right), holding back the real user of the land—the farmer.

Gregg was silenced, but not convinced. "It's a long lane that has no turn," he burst out. "You think you're the whole United States army! Who gives you all the authority?"

"Congress and the president."

"There's nothing in that bill to warrant these petty tyrannies of yours."

"What you call tyrannies I call defending the public domain," replied Redfield. "If I had my way I'd give my rangers the power of the Canadian mounted police. Is there any other state in this nation where the roping of sheep herders and the wholesale butchery of sheep would be permitted? From the very first the public lands of this state have been a refuge for the criminal, a lawless no man's land, but now, thanks to Roosevelt and the chief forester, we at least have a force of men on the spot to see that some semblance of law and order is maintained. You fellows may protest and run to Washington, and you may send your paid representatives there, but you're sure to lose. As free range monopolists you are cumberers of the earth, and all you represent must pass before this state can be anything but the byword it now is."

The whole dining room was still as he finished, and Lee Virginia, with a girl's vague comprehension of the man's world, apprehended in Redfield's speech a large and daring purpose.

Gregg sneered. "Perhaps you intend to run for congress on that line of talk."

Redfield's voice was placid. "At any rate, I intend to represent the policy that will change this state from the sparsely settled battleground of a lot of mounted hoboes to a state with an honorable place among the other commonwealths. If this be treason make the most of it."

Cavanagh was disturbed, for, while he felt the truth of his chief's words, he was in doubt as to the policy of uttering them. He rose. "I must be going," he said, with a smile.

Again the pang of loss touched her heart. "When will you come again?" she asked in a low voice.

"It is hard to say. A ranger's place is in the forest. I am very seldom in town. Just now the danger of fires is great, and I am very uneasy. I may not be down again for a month."

The table was empty now, and they were standing in comparative isolation, looking into each other's eyes in silence. At last she murmured: "You've helped me. I'm going to stay a little while anyway and do what I can."

"I'm sorry I can't be of actual service, but I am a soldier with a work to do. Even if I were here I could not help you as regards the townspeople. They all hate me quite cordially, but Redfield, and especially Mrs. Redfield, can be of greater aid and comfort. He's quite often here, and when you are lonely and discouraged let him take you up to Elk Lodge."

He extended his hand, and as she took it he thrilled to the soft strength of it. "Till next time," he said, "good luck."

CHAPTER V.

VIRGINIA TAKES ANOTHER MOTOR RIDE.

LEE VIRGINIA'S efforts to refine the little hotel produced an amazing change in Eliza Wetherford's affairs. The dining room swarmed with those seeking food, and as the news of the girl's beauty went out upon the range the cowboys sought excuse to ride in and get a square meal and a glimpse of the "queen" whose hand had witched "the old shack" into a marvel of cleanliness. Generally they failed of so much as a glance at her, for she kept away from the dining room at mealtime.

Lee Virginia was fully aware of this male curiosity and vaguely conscious of the light which shone in the eyes of some of them (men like Gregg). She had begun to understand, too, that her mother's reputation was a barrier between the better class of folk and herself. But as they came now and again to take a meal they permitted themselves a word in her praise, which she resented. "I don't want their friendship now," she declared bitterly.

As she gained courage to look about her she began to be interested in some of her boarders.

So far as the younger men were concerned, she saw little to admire and much to hate. They were crude and uninteresting rowdies for the most part. She was put upon her defense by their glances, and she came to dread walking along the street, so open and coarse were their words of praise.

Few of these loafers had the courage to stand on their feet and court her favor, but there was one who speedily became her chief persecutor. This was Neill Ballard, celebrated (and made impudent) by two years' travel with a wild west show. He was tall, lean, angular and freckled, but his horsemanship was marvelous and his skill with the rope magical.

He had lost his engagement by reason of a drunken brawl, and he was now living with his sister, the wife of a small rancher near by. Virginia despised the other men, but she feared this one, and quite justly.

The Greggs, father and son, were in open rivalry for Lee also, but in different ways. The older man, who had already been married several times, was disposed to buy her hand in what he called "honorable wedlock," but the son, at heart a libertine, approached her as one who despised the west and who, being kept in the beastly country by duty to a parent, was ready to amuse himself at any one's expense. He had no purpose in life but to feed his body and escape toil.

The chivalry of the plains, of which Lee had read so much and which she supposed she remembered, was gone. She doubted if it had ever existed among these centaurs. Why should it inhere in ignorant, brutal plainsmen any more than in ignorant, brutal factory hands?

There came to her now and again gentle old ranchers—"grangers," they would be called—and shy boys from the farms, but for the most part the men she saw imbittered her, and she kept out of their sight as much as possible. Her keenest pleasures, almost her only pleasures, lay in the occasional brief visits of Cavanagh as he rode in for his mail.

Lize perceived all these attacks on her daughter and was infuriated by them. Her brows were knotted with care as well as with pain, and she incessantly urged Virginia to go back to Sulphur. "I'll send you money to pay your board till you strike a job." But to this the girl would not agree, and the business by reason of her presence went on increasing from day to day.

To Redfield Lize one day confessed her pain. "I ought to send for that doctor up there, but the plain truth is I'm afraid of him. I don't want to know what's the matter of me. It's his job to tell me I'm sick, and I'm scared of his verdict."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You can't afford to put off getting him much longer. I'm going back tonight, but I'll be over again tomorrow. Why don't you let me bring him down? It will save you $12. And, by the way, suppose you let me take Lee Virginia home with me. She looks a bit depressed. An outing will do her good. She's taken hold here wonderfully."

"Hasn't she? But I should have sent her away the very first night. I'm getting to depend on her. I'm plumb foolish about her now—can't let her out of my sight, and yet I'm off my feed worrying over her. Gregg is getting dangerous. You can't fool me when it comes to men. Curse 'em! They're all alike, every one of them. I won't have my girl mistreated, I tell you that. I'm not fit to be her mother. Now, that's the truth, Reddy, and this rotten little back country cow town is no place for her. But what can I do? She won't leave me so long as I'm sick, and every day ties her closer to me. I don't know what I'd do without her. If I'm going to die I want her by me when I take my drop, so you see just how I'm placed."

She looked yellow and drawn as she ended, and Redfield was moved by her unwonted tenderness.

"Now, let me advise," he began after a moment's pause. "We mustn't let the girl get homesick. I'll take her home with me this afternoon and bring her back along with a doctor tomorrow."

"All right, but before you go I want to have a private talk. I want to tell you something."

He warned her away from what promised to be a confession. "Now, now, Eliza, don't tell me anything that requires that tone of voice. I'm a bad person to keep a secret, and you might be sorry for it. I don't want to know anything more about your business than I can guess."

"I don't mean the whisky trade," she explained. "I've cut that all out anyway. It's something more important—it's about Ed and me."

"I don't want to hear that either," he declared. "Let bygones be bygones. What you did then is outlawed anyway. Those were fierce times, and I want to forget them." He looked about. "Let me see Miss Virginia and convey to her Mrs. Redfield's invitation."

"She's in the kitchen, I reckon. Go right out."

He was rather glad of a chance to see the young reformer in action and smiled as he came upon her surrounded by waiters and cooks, busily superintending the preparations for the noon meal, which amounted to a tumult each day.

She saw Redfield, nodded and a few moments later came toward him, flushed and beaming with welcome. "I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Supervisor."

He bowed profoundly. "Mrs. Redfield sends by me a formal invitation to you to visit Elk Lodge. She is not quite able to take the long ride, else she'd come to you." Here he handed her a note. "I suggest that you go up with me this afternoon, and tomorrow we'll fetch the doctor down to see your mother. What do you say to that?"

Her eyes were dewy with grateful appreciation of his kindness as she answered, "That would be a great pleasure, Mr. Redfield, if mother feels able to spare me."

THE YOUNG REFORMER WAS SURROUNDED BY WAITERS AND COOKS.

"I've talked with her. She is anxious to have you go."

Virginia was indeed greatly pleased and pleasantly excited by this message, for she had heard much of Mrs. Redfield's exclusiveness and also of the splendor of her establishment. She hurried away to dress with such a flutter of joyous anticipation that Redfield felt quite repaid for the pressure he had put upon his wife to induce her to write that note. "You may leave Lize Wetherford out of the count, my dear," he had said. "There is nothing of her discernible in the girl. Virginia is a lady. I don't know where she got it, but she's a gentlewoman by nature."

It was hot and still in town, but no sooner was the car in motion than both heat and dust were forgotten. Redfield's machine was not large, and, as he was content to go at moderate speed, conversation was possible.

He was of that sunny, optimistic, ever youthful nature which finds delight in human companionship under any conditions whatsoever. He accepted this girl for what she seemed—a fresh, unspoiled child. He saw nothing cheap or commonplace in her and was not disposed to impose any of her father's wild doings upon her calendar. He had his misgivings as to her future. That was the main reason why he had said to Mrs. Redfield, "The girl must be helped." Afterward he had said "sustained."

It was inevitable that the girl should soon refer to the ranger, and Redfield was as complimentary of him as she could wish. "Ross hasn't a fault but one, and that's a negative one—he doesn't care a hang about getting on, as they say over in England. He's content just to do the duty of the moment. He made a good cowpuncher and a good soldier, but as for promotion—he laughs when I mention it."

"He told me that he hoped to be chief forester," protested Virginia.

"Oh, yes, he says that, but do you know he'd rather be where he is, riding over the hills, than live in London. You should see his cabin some time. It's most wonderful, really. His walls are covered with bookshelves of his own manufacture and chairs of his own design. Where the boy got the skill I don't see. Heaven knows, his sisters are conventional enough! He's capable of being supervisor, but he won't live in town and work in an office. He's like an Indian in his love of the open."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE VIOLENT PAST.

TALKING about Cavanagh was quite too absorbingly interesting to both Lee and Redfield to permit of any study of the landscape, which went by as if dismissed by the chariot wheels of some contemptuous magician. Redfield's eyes were mostly on the road (in the manner of the careful auto driver), but when he did look up it was to admire the color and poise of his seat mate, who made the landscape of small account.

She kept the conversation to the desired point. "Mr. Cavanagh's work interests me very much. It seems very important, and it must be new, for I never heard of a forest ranger when I was a child."

"The forester is new, at least in America," he answered. "My dear young lady, you are returned just in the most momentous period in the history of the west. The old dominion—the cattle range—is passing. The supremacy of the cowboy is ended. The cow boss is raising oats. The cowboy is pitching alfalfa and swearing horribly as he blisters his hands. Some of the rangers at the moment are men of western training, like Ross, but whose allegiance is now to Uncle Sam. With others that transfer of allegiance is not quite complete; hence the insolence of men like Gregg, who think they can bribe or intimidate these forest guards and so obtain favors. The newer men are college bred, real foresters. But you can't know what it all means till you see Ross or some other ranger on his own heath. We'll make up a little party some day and drop down upon him and have him show us about. It's a lonely life, and so the ranger keeps open house. Would you like to go?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I'm eager to get into the mountains. Every night as I see the sun go down over them I wonder what the world is like up there."

Then he began very delicately to inquire about her eastern experience. There was not much to tell. In a lovely old town not far from Philadelphia, where her aunt lived, she had spent ten years of happy exile. "I was horribly lonely and homesick at first," she said. "Mother wrote only short letters, and my father never wrote at all. I didn't know he was dead then. He was always good to me. He wasn't a bad man, was he?"

"No," responded Redfield without hesitation. "He was very like the rest of us, only a little more reckless and a little more partisan, that's all. He was a dashing horseman and a dead shot, and so naturally a leader of these daredevils. He was popular with both sides of the controversy, up to the very moment when he went south to lead the invaders against the rustlers."

"What was it all about? I never understood it. What were they fighting about?"

"In a sense it was all very simple. You see, Uncle Sam in his careless, do nothing way has always left his range to the man who got there first. That was the cattleman. At first there was grass enough for us all, but as we built sheds and corrals about watering places we came to claim rights on the range. We usually secured by fraud homesteads in the sections containing water and so, gun in hand, 'stood off' the man who came after. Gradually, after much shooting and lawing, we parceled out the range and settled down, covering practically the whole state. Our adjustments were not perfect, but our system was working smoothly for us who controlled the range. We had convinced ourselves and pretty nearly everybody else that the state was only fit for cattle grazing and that we were the most competent grazers; furthermore, we were in possession, and no man could come in without our consent.

To be Continued.

Duke as a Poacher.

A good story is told by the Duke of Devonshire who recently entertained the King at Bolton Abbey. As is well known, the duke is a man of simple tastes and a quiet humor. It is said that a short time ago he was roaming over his estate early one morning when he shot a rabbit. Almost immediately he was staring down the barrel of another gun in the hands of a youth, who was little more than a boy.

"Now I've got 'ee," was the manner in which the duke was addressed, and the boy insisted on his "capture" following him to the keeper's cottage. The keeper no less than the boy was aghast when he saw who the "poacher" was, but the duke rewarded the boy with a pound note for his courage.

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YOUNG WOMEN SUFFER MOST
These Two Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.—"I have been teaching for three years, and at the end of the year I always feel tired and have no appetite. I was awful sick each month, too, having pains in my back until sometimes I was obliged to stop working. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I heard many women telling how good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others."—DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.
"Unable to Work"
Canning, Nova Scotia.—"I had irregular periods and great suffering at those times, the pains causing vomiting and fainting. I was teaching school and often for some hours I would be unable to attend to my work. Through an advertisement in the papers I knew of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has been of great benefit to me, the troubles being completely relieved."—LAURA J. EATON, Canning, King's County, Nova Scotia.

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Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism
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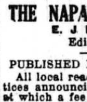

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor
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The Royal Bank of Canada

General Statement 30th November, 1927

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up			$30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund		$30,000,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward		1,809,831.87	
		$31,809,831.87	
Dividends Unclaimed		17,626.79	
Dividend No. 161 (at 12% per annum), payable 1st December, 1927		897,748.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1927		598,828.00	
			33,324,034.66
			$63,324,034.66
Deposits not bearing interest		$208,073,871.65	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement		514,562,219.15	
Total Deposits		$722,636,090.80	
Notes of the Bank in circulation		42,556,200.94	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada		868,199.55	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada		23,003,141.20	
Bills Payable		5,028,058.15	
Liabilities not included in the foregoing		250,596.82	
			794,342,287.46
Letters of Credit Outstanding			36,997,581.33
			$894,663,903.45

ASSETS

Gold and Subsidiary Coin on hand	$26,730,568.45		
Gold deposited in Central Gold Reserves	8,400,000.00		
		$35,130,568.45	
Dominion Notes on hand	$41,187,574.00		
Dominion Notes deposited in Central Gold Reserves	7,600,000.00		
		48,787,574.00	
United States and other Foreign Currencies		26,238,115.01	
		$110,156,257.46	
Notes of other Canadian Banks		3,237,424.66	
Cheques on other Banks		38,350,978.06	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada		2,489.90	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada		31,904,401.11	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value)		73,307,380.36	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value)		31,296,226.90	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, (not exceeding market value)		15,890,650.17	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		53,338,787.44	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		97,949,246.74	
			$455,433,842.80
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		$225,536,860.84	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		153,411,835.01	
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for		2,241,802.58	
			381,190,498.43
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off			13,670,315.46
Real Estate other than Bank Premises			1,917,113.95
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank			1,462,119.72
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra			36,997,581.33
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies			2,171,636.59
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund			1,300,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing			520,795.17
			$894,663,903.45

H. S. HOLT,
President

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

We have examined the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1927, with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1927, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A.,
of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
JAS. G. ROSS, C.A.,
of P. S. Ross & Sons.
} Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 27th December, 1927.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1926	$1,409,674.58	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	5,370,145.69	
		$6,779,820.27
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Dividends Nos. 158, 159, 160 and 161 at 12% per annum	$3,386,010.40	
Bonus of 2% to Shareholders	598,978.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises	400,000.00	
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including Tax on Bank Note Circulation	485,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	1,809,831.87	
		$6,779,820.27

Montreal, 27th December, 1927.

LURE OF HIDDEN GOLD

Expeditions Are Still Going Out With High Hopes of Discovering Treasure.

"Buried Treasure." The very words smack of romance, daring, bloodshed, and fast clippers with all sails set, muzzle-loading cannon, pikes and cutlasses.

The search for buried treasure goes on and on forever, says a writer in the New York Times.

Hundreds of years have passed since the pirates and buccaneers roamed the Spanish Main, but expeditions are still going out with high hope of discovering the treasure which they are traditionally supposed to have hidden. Once in a great while the expeditions are successful, in spite of the amused smiles of the world at large, and each such success inevitably prompts others to try their luck in the search for some cached Eldorado.

The latest expedition, a despatch from San Francisco states, is headed by Louis Morgan, a Texan descendant of Sir Henry Morgan. Sir Henry was a celebrated buccaneer of the seventeenth century. The Morgan expedition will go to Central America in search of some of the loot which Sir Henry's followers carried away after the sack of the city of Panama in 1671. Tradition has it that they buried valuable booty somewhere near a bayou in the region of Darien Bay.

Sir Henry's capture of the city of Panama was one of the most spectacular exploits of his career. As a feat of arms it was notable for its sheer audacity.

His men, although stalwart fighters, were heavily out-numbered at the start and bitterly opposed. The fears of the inhabitants were not groundless. After taking the city the captors pillaged it. Historians have arraigned Sir Henry Morgan for the cruelty and debauchery practiced by his men. And at the time the episode did not pass unrebuked. The fact that England and Spain were temporarily at peace added to the gravity of the situation. Sir Henry was ordered to return to England under arrest, to explain his actions. He was not long under a cloud, however, for he was a general favorite at court, and his services to his King had always been notable, so Sir Henry was forgiven, as he had been before.

What happened to the loot taken from Panama City, history does not satisfactorily explain. But Louis Morgan, who is going to search for it, has announced that he will be guided by a map, said to have been left to his descendants by Sir Henry. The parchment on which the drawing was made came to the present owner from his father, Frank Pierce Morgan, the District Attorney of Victoria, Texas. The story is that eight of Sir Henry's men buried the loot for their leader and that, as they were later murdered, only Sir Henry knew where it was. Louis Morgan furthermore says that a distant relative of his is at present ransacking the ruins of the old city of Panama—which gives to the search the aspect of a family contest for family heirlooms.

Louis Morgan's expedition will, according to despatches, set sail on the 40-foot auxiliary launch Saxon. He will be accompanied by Captain A. Pearson, a veteran skipper. They hope to obtain permission from officials of the republic of Panama to make excavations at the spot indicated on the map.

The life of Sir Henry Morgan has been written many times; it always presents new angles to tempt the historical writer. Unlike so many of the great Elizabethan sea captains, he was not a Devon man, nor even, strictly speaking, an Englishman. He was born in Wales in 1635. It is believed that when a boy he was kidnapped and sold as a slave in the Barbados, and later on in Jamaica. He himself denied this report. At any rate, he went out to the colonies when very young and grew up there.

Sir Henry's early career as a sailor and fighter attracted so much attention that by 1663, when he had already attained a measure of fame, Sir Thomas Modyford, the Governor of Jamaica, commissioned him to go over to the mainland to discover the details of a plot which, it was suspected, was brewing against Jamaica. Sir Henry not only got that information but pillaged Principe and captured Porto Bello as well. Next year he had a ship blown from under him. A year or two later came the exploit at Panama. After occasional reprimands, to check his impetuosity, he was knighted and made Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. Though once suspended, he was restored to favor before his death in 1688.

WOOD THAT DOESN'T ROT.

Tests Are Being Made of the "Mora" Tree.

A new type of timber which is grown principally in British Guiana is being tested both in England and South Africa for use as railway sleepers, says the London News.

The wood, which is known as "Mora," is claimed to resist any attack by insects and to be impervious to wet weather.

Tests of this timber are understood to have been made by the four English railway groups, and also in South Africa, where wood rot in sleepers is prevalent.

Reports have not yet been furnished by the English railway companies, but the South African Railways Department, which has been conducting tests for more than a year, has stated that it has fulfilled every claim which has been made for it.

Sections of three branch lines have been fitted with sleepers of mora wood, which have been subject to continuous inspection.

They have been unaffected either by extreme changes in temperature or by swarms of locusts and other insects.

These facts are contained in a statement made recently by Mr. M. Garnett, a delegate of the Georgetown, British Guiana, Chamber of Commerce.

Out of Time.

Lt.-Col. J. Mackenzie-Rogan, the celebrated Old Country military bandmaster, is telling a delightful story. Bandmasters, it appears, are not always understood in their regiments, for musical training is not an essential part of military training. A certain colonel once complained to the wielder of the regimental baton that his band was a disgrace to the regiment.

"Why, sir?" asked the bandmaster, his pride wounded.

"Why?" roared the colonel. "Why, sir, the men who march in the front ranks and play those instruments they push in and out can't keep time, and they never, by any chance, push in and out together!"

Telephone Girls Show True Christmas Spirit

Telephone girls in scores of Bell Telephone offices in Ontario and Quebec, are mindful of the fact that Santa Claus on his annual visit often has only meagre offerings for many poor families. So they club together and make sure that, so far as they can make it possible, scores of humble households will experience some of the joys of the Christmas Season. The picture shows typical Christmas scenes in two of Toronto's seventeen exchanges, with baskets full of good things all ready for the annual distribution to some of the City's poorer families.

MANAGING MONKEYS.

Writer Says They Are Not Verminous or Greedy.

Most people have incorrect ideas about monkeys, writes Helen M. Sidebotham in an article in the London Daily Sketch. They are regarded as invariably being verminous and greedy — an idea with which the writer disagrees.

Although the animal certainly has a large appetite, he is a fastidious eater, who never takes more than is good for him.

But the charge of treachery is not always dismissed so lightly, and whether a monkey can be trusted or not depends entirely on how he is treated during the difficult period of domestication.

Until he has been taught to trust he cannot be trusted, and the control over him must be mental, not physical, for if he obey through fear of chastisement he is cowed, not tamed, and will await an opportunity to rebel. And he must be given plenty of liberty, otherwise he will become either unhealthily inactive or impossible to handle when allowed out of his cage.

Some monkeys can never be tamed but these are rare among the smaller species usually chosen as pets, and if a monkey habitually bites his owner it means either that he has cause to suspect that his bite is feared or is alarmed in some way.

If the animal is simply attempting to bully the only cure is to show him that he is not feared, and whenever he shows any sign of biting he must be offered a hand to bite. In these circumstances he will practically never accept the challenge, but if by any chance he does the hand must not be withdrawn hastily and there must be no fuss.

But if the monkey is not biting out of sheer mischief he should be studied very carefully and systematically. He is a nervous, highly-strung creature, and as fear and anger are closely allied, he will at once turn to his only weapon of defence, his teeth, if startled in any way.

Therefore he must neither be approached suddenly from the rear nor picked up unexpectedly. Even the owner is wise to coax the animal into his arms and not to pick him up.

The reason is that, unlike the cat and dog, the mother monkey does not pick up her offspring and grasp him; the baby climbs on to the parent and clings to her body with his arms and legs, and consequently a monkey always prefers to hold rather than be held.

Also, as he is conservative and a stern ritualist, the same friendly overtures should be made in the same way and at the same time every day until he expects them.

ANCIENT CUSTOM BROKEN.

Woman Appeared Unveiled Before the King of Egypt.

In all the many dynasties which have rolled over Egypt only one woman of the Nile has ever stood unveiled in the presence of a Pharaoh and lived to tell the tale.

The one woman who has had this experience had it the other day when King Fuad of Egypt was the guest of the President of the French Republic. Madame Hackel, wife of an Egyptian newspaper editor, dared to do this thing. She was dressed by a Paris dressmaker; and though it might have been the strangeness of being well dressed that nerved her to this act of daring, there was something also in being connected with the liberty of the press.

Thus, little noticed by grave historians, great changes come to pass. Madame Hackel may come to be remembered as one of the liberators of the women of the East from the bonds of custom that have bound them for centuries. Queen Vashri refused to come unveiled into the presence of King Ahasuerus and his Court; Madame Hackel has asserted the right of women to enter the presence of the king unveiled and look the monarch in the face.

British Coinage Entirely Altered.

Britain has a new coinage, designed by George Kruger Gray. The most notable feature is that the crown, or five-shilling piece, is to reappear. No crowns have been struck since 1902. The new crown will show the rose, thistle and shamrock which have been absent from the coinage since Queen Victoria's time.

The new florins will be remarkable in that they will bear the royal initial for the first time since the joint reign of King William and Queen Mary, and it is to be in an entirely unprecedented position. The initial "G" will have pride of place, but in appearance it will not be prominent and it will not be crowned.

World's Biggest Book.

Can you imagine a book so tall that an average-sized man could walk behind it without being seen?

Such a book, believed to be the largest in the world, is now at the British Museum. It is a gigantic atlas, and was presented to Charles II. by Amsterdam merchants as a memento of his visit to the Netherlands, where he found refuge after the fall of the monarchy.

Despite their age, the maps are surprisingly accurate. The texts and inscriptions are in Latin and the book is a wonderful example of the painter's art.

On the other extreme is a book that could be hidden under a sixpence! It is only one hundred and sixty-six thousandths of an inch thick. This tiny volume is a sixty-four-page illustrated "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

His First Trip to London.

Sir J. M. Barrie has revealed an amusing little story of his first appearance in London. He wrote to an editor who had used some of his articles and asked if he should come to London. The editor sent a prompt and emphatic "No."

"So I came," says Barrie, whimsically, "laden with instructions from my mother to be sure and walk in the middle of the street, as they always jump out on you as you go round the corners."

Four of last year's brides in England were only fourteen years of age, while thirty-four were fifteen.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

THE MODERN WARSHIP

PROVIDES LAST WORD IN COMFORT FOR CREW.

H. M. S. Nelson Is Just a Floating City—Crew Follow Many Occupations—The Sailors Still Sleep In Hammocks.

To drive at full speed the 35,000 tons of concentrated fighting energy embodied in H. M. S. Nelson, sixteen tons of fuel oil per hour have to be burned, writes Jackstaff in Answers. From her main battery of nine 16-inch guns she can throw over a distance of twenty miles some ten tons of shells at a time.

This is only her "big punch." She is able to follow it up with lighter blows. Lighter merely by comparison. They would fall heavily enough upon any target that received them.

In brief, the Nelson, with the single exception of her "sister" and exact counterpart, the Rodney, is the ugliest but most formidable warship ever built.

Those lucky enough to be allowed on board will find themselves visiting a well-ordered little township." In the Nelson there are approximately 1,300 officers and men, the population of a small town, and one cannot more graphically convey a picture of the life they live than by saying the Nelson is just a floating city.

The comparison fits at all points. She has the public utilities of a city, such as, for example, an electric lighting installation.

Her inhabitants follow many different occupations; there are butchers, bakers, etc., to supply their material needs; there are even shops and amusements. The usual social gradations also exist. Park Lane stands at one end of the scale and "workmen's dwellings" at the other, with the customary intermediate districts between—but no slums. Right through the Nelson housing conditions are good.

Her Park Lane lies astern, and consists of the fine quarters occupied by the admiral and the senior officers. Bloomsbury, as one may term it, is the intermediate district, where the subordinate officers reside in comfort.

The "working class quarters" are the mess-decks allotted to the crew. These are unusualy spacious and airy, and all of them are lighted by the little round windows called scuttles, this being an improvement upon the normal arrangement in a warship. For chief petty-officers and petty officers there are cosy messes, each partitioned off and equipped very snugly.

Each man in a broadside mess, which means each individual sailor, stoker, or artificer, and so on, has a wardrobe-shaped locker in which to keep his clothing and other personal belongings. In the Nelson there are no unsightly bag-racks. Sailors keep their kit in suitcases which are made just to fit into the upper part of the wardrobe, and below is a drawer wherein articles may be laid flat.

Hammocks are stowed in a convenient place, from which they can be easily taken when the "population" turns in at night. Nearly all of them sleep in hammocks slung overhead, and the sight of hundreds upon hundreds of these swinging from their hooks is one to be remembered.

These hammocks are "old Navy." Other living amenities represent the last word of the new Navy. Each section of the ship's company has its own comfortable bathroom, whilst the catering system gives a service as good as, or better than, that of the ordinary shore restaurant.

Proper table equipment is supplied to the men. On high days and holidays, or when entertaining friends, they have white tablecloths for their messes, and no preparing food or washing up is done in these. A staff of trained cooks make ready the meals in what ashore would be called a big kitchen. Cooking is done in oil-fired ranges in a large galley, or cookhouse, and the food is served from a special issuing room.

Under the general messing system the crew gets varied and excellent menus. For breakfast there is fish or bacon, for dinner a joint and sweets, for supper cold dishes and pickles. Tea is much the same as on shore; but if the men fancy dainties they may buy these at the canteen, which is the ship's general shop.

For those who care for it rum is issued at noon. Nowadays many sailors prefer to take the threepence a day which is allowed to those who do not draw the rum ration. Tea, coffee, and cocoa are favorite beverages, and there is a soda fountain in the canteen.

The Nelson's crew are provided with recreation-rooms furnished with restful settees and equipped with a variety of games and a piano. The last-named comes from their own canteen fund. But the Admiralty supply the men with a good variety of reading matter, whilst from the "shop" they can obtain practically anything they require in the way of books, newspapers, and periodicals.

There is also a cinema show. The films go on tour as they do ashore. One night they will be shown in one part of the ship, another night in another part. Everybody has a chance of seeing them.

No town could get along without a hospital. The Nelson has an excellent one. "Sick bay," the sailors call it, but actually it is a completely equipped little hospital with a staff of surgeons and male nurses. In short, the Nelson lacks none of the public services necessary to the well-being of the community who dwell in the floating township she really is.

Saskatoon Growing.

Within the past quarter century the population of Saskatoon has grown 3,500 per cent, being 39,704, as compared with 113 in 1903.

GIFTS FROM THE KING.

When His Majesty "Visits" It Means Presents All Round.

Sometimes you will see articles in the newspapers telling how much it costs a member of Society's Inner Circle to entertain the King for a few days. Even for a shooting party, where, of course, simplicity is the keynote, the figures may astonish you.

But there is another side to the picture—what it costs his Majesty to visit one of his subjects.

Say that the King is at Bolton Abbey or Abbeystead for a shoot.

SHARKS ARE VALUABLE.

Likely to Become an Important Factor in Business.

The much hated shark is likely to become an important factor in business affairs, according to an article by Dr. Ehrenreich, published in the London Express. Sharks, he says, can supply enough leather to supply the needs of the whole world, in addition to twenty or more by-products of great mercantile value.

There is a great market for shark's meat in England. Already from 400 to 500 tons in the form of "rock salmon" and skate (which are really sharks) are consumed every day.

Dr. Ehrenreich is one of the directors and is the scientific adviser of Marine Products, Limited, whose shark-huntings ship and floating factory for the preparation of products from the shark, is now lying in the East India Dock, London.

"The industry is only in its infancy," he said, "it has vast possibilities. There are millions of sharks waiting to be caught. The number of separate species exceeds 500. The largest sharks weigh fifteen tons and are thirty-six feet long and twenty-one feet in girth, but most of those that we catch off the Australian coast weigh about four tons each.

"Every portion of the shark can be utilized, and the machinery on our vessel, the Istar, is so complete that we can perform on board every process necessary for its preservation."

The processes are remarkably swift. Within thirty-six hours of the time that a shark has been caught his flesh has been cut out and preserved for food, by dehydrating, the shagreen has been removed from the skin, the hide has been tanned, the oil has been extracted from the liver, the great intestine has been prepared for making gloves, and the refuse has been converted into glue, meal, and fertilizers.

Preparations for the capture of sharks have been made on a vast scale. The Istar carries 170 nets. They are of 18-inch mesh, and each is 600 feet long and 30 feet in depth. When all are out they extend for twenty miles. They are set in the evening and are taken up each morning, by which time most of the sharks which have become entangled in the meshes are dead.

Every inch of space below decks in the Istar is taken up with special machinery for the carrying out of the complicated patents, the result of a quarter of a century of research by Dr. Ehrenreich. One of the latest discoveries is the deodorization of shark liver oil, which is to be used for medicinal purposes.

Leather of all kinds is produced from sharks' hide, the strength of which is extraordinary. The stoutest produced is practically bullet-proof, while other examples, suitable for women's coats, are soft and of exquisite texture.

Auto Manufacture Leads.

In point of production value automobile manufacturing heads Ontario industries with an output value of $110,835,880, while electric light and power heads them in capitalization with $356,375,495. Flour and grist mill products occupies second place in production with a value of $104,522,309, while the second place in capitalization is held by pulp and paper with $170,462,147. Ranking third in production value is slaughtering and meat packing with an output of $94,427,211. Completing the ten leading industries in value of production are pulp and paper $74,179,929; rubber goods (including footwear) $62,350,401; butter and cheese $61,678,608; electric light and power $49,651,990; electrical apparatus and supplies $40,952,860; castings and forgings $40,613,286; and sawmills $36,141,672. There are fourteen industries with output values between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000, and fourteen with values between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000.

Jamaica Making Paper from Bamboo.

The experiments with bamboos, which have been proceeding for some years at Jamaica, B.W.I., in an effort to develop a pulp usable for paper making, are proving successful. The difficulty of getting the pulp and of bleaching it and reducing it chemically have been overcome.

A factory is at work getting the production on to a commercial basis. Mr. Raith, the expert in charge is confident he will be able to deliver pulp in England at £2 or £3 less than wood pulp. As the world is using 40,000,000 tons of paper yearly, with signs of its going on to 60,000,000, and as the supply of soft woods for paper is failing, the new pulp is sure to find a market.—Christian Science Monitor.

Muskrat Farming.

A boom in muskrat farming is on the horizon in Western Canada. Following the acceptance by the Provincial Governments of the Prairie Provinces of the Dominion Government's offer to turn over swamp lands to them for leases to residents for purposes of muskrat farming there has been a deluge of applications. Alberta has had 200 of them and Saskatchewan over 500.

Parliamentary Fires.

Every fall the firemen of the British House of Commons, who during the summer have to be found other work, return to their normal labors. There are between 800 and 1,000 fireplaces in the buildings. Lighting and tending these during the winter months keeps a considerable squad of men employed throughout the day. The method of lighting the fires is not dissimilar to that of the peat fires of the isolated Devon farms. Bundles of rough twigs are used, and these are bought from the contractors usually in deliveries of 25,000.

Test of Endurance.

In a physiological test, two girl members of the hydrotherapy class of the Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics held their arms extended at right angles to the body for the record time of forty-eight minutes. The longest time of endurance by a male member of the class was fifteen minutes.

Languages In England.

If English and Welsh be included, twenty-three languages were taught in the ordinary continuation and technical schools in England and Wales during 1925-26.

CRIMINALS BY HEREDITY

INDIA HAS ARDUOUS TASK ELIMINATING THUGS.

Thousands of Families Have for Countless Generations Looked Upon Thieving as a Proper and Legitimate Way of Adding to Their Income.

The Government of India has had a long and arduous task in eliminating the tribes who are thugs, stranglers and dacoits by heredity and tribal custom. Even now their task is far from complete, although progress is being reported.

Though criminal tribes exist all over Indian they are most numerous in the Madras Presidency, writes H. T. R., in the Manchester Guardian, and it is in Madras that the Government has in recent years done most to curtail their activities and, by the aid of a special Act, to settle their members in selected localities and bring up the rising generation in equally remunerative if more humdrum pursuits.

The number of tribes notified under the Act is now reckoned in dozens in Madras, and includes wanderers from Persia like the Iranis, the Brinjaries of Central India, and the pure Dravidian product of the south, the Kallars. The Kallars are the largest of all these tribes. They are spread over four of the southern districts, and in Madura form a considerable proportion of the population. Such an important element have they formed in the structure of society that a member of their tribe, which in course of years has attained the dignity of a caste, sits on the "gadi" of an Indian State.

Popular tradition has it that once a year at least this highly respected ruler must "take what isn't his'n," and so perform his caste obligation. The ordinary Kallar, though not averse from any form of stealing, specializes in cattle theft, and so skilful a thief is he that cases of cattle being removed from a pen guarded by dogs and taken fifty to sixty miles away in the night are not uncommon. As for the lifting of sheep and goats, that is a nightly occurrence however well shepherded the flock. Not infrequently the cartman who drives his creaking bullock cart through the night along the dust-softened roads awakes at dawn to find his cart propped up by the wayside and no trace of his bullocks.

Whether he is possessed of property or not, so imperative is the caste duty of thieving that the Kallar youth who aspires to marry must satisfy the parents of his prospective bride as to his abilities by some feat such as cutting ripe cholam on a moonlight night from a field guarded by a watcher on a machan or lifting unnoticed some valuable animal from a neighbor's fold.

The practice among Tamil women of stretching their ear lobes until they are but a thin rim of cartilage (sometimes falling to the shoulders) and then loading them with heavy ear-rings is a continuous invitation to theft. The skilful Kallar has been known to sever the lobes with a sharp knife and get away with the jewellery without waking his sleeping victim, while the ordinary clumsy robber tears the ears and so arouses pursuit.

So all-pervading has been the Kallar influence that until recently a Kallar watchman was the only safeguard for the man of property, and this form of paying blackmail to Kallars was as much the practice among Government officials as among the ordinary country-folk.

Even the District Magistrate or Superintendent of Police handed on their Kallar chowkidar to their successors as regularly as they did their bungalow furniture. Though this precaution does not always prevent the depredations of other Kallars it usually facilitates the recovery of the property stolen, for the watchman is supposed to make good the loss.

It has been no light task to change the outlook of many thousands of families who have for countless generations looked upon thieving as a proper and legitimate way of adding to their income. The way the problem was attacked was first by registering all the Kallars in the Madura district and then classifying them according to whether or not thieving was their main or merely a subsidiary means of livelihood. Those who lived chiefly by their hereditary skill, and not by the acquired art of agriculture, had their liberty of movement drastically curtailed.

They had to report to the police twice in the night and obtain a pass when leaving their village for more than twenty-four hours under pain of prosecution with resultant confinement in gaol, as fines only stimulated their activities. More efficacious than these penal measures has been the education of the younger generation in special schools, where, besides the three R's, various handicrafts are taught.

There has been a marked decrease in Kallar crimes, the special schools are crowded to their utmost capacity, and the time seems not far distant when a new generation of Kallars will have grown up who will no longer be a terror and a burden to the Tamil peasants among whom they live and who will cease to deserve the stigma of being a criminal tribe.

Printed In 1461.

The very first type-printed book with illustrations was a Latin edition of the Biblia Pauperum, printed by Albrecht Pfister, of Bamberg, in 1461. There are only two copies known — one in the John Rylands Memorial Library at Manchester, England; the other in the French National Library in Paris.

An "Ultra-Whistle."

German police are using an amazing new device to aid in tracking down criminals — an "ultra-whistle" that summons police dogs without giving the faintest audible sound to warn the fugitive. The sound wave it emits is of more than 40,000 vibrations a second—too high-pitched for the human ear to hear, but the dog's sensitive ear, it is said, detects and understands it.

A Norwegian girl of 19 has a master's certificate entitling her to the command of steamers up to 250 tons.

NOW FOR THE GREATEST EVENT IN RETAIL HISTORY

A MILLION DOLLAR SALE

New Feature Attractions
For Opening Days

Quantities are Limited. So Shop Early.

Women's Cotton Corset Covers
On Sale at 5 cents each

Girls' Cotton **Drawers**
On Sale at 9 cents pair

Women's White Cotton **Underskirts**
On Sale at 29 and 49 cents each

Women's Silk Habutai **Bloomers**
On Sale at 79 cents pair

Children's Pure Wool **Toques**
On Sale at 19c., 29c., 39c. each

Six Hand-painted English **Breakfast Sets**
Reg. $7.50 and $8.00 Values—**Sale Price $3.95 Set**
31 and 32 pieces to set—beautiful quality

Heavy Winter **Coatings,** Values to $3.75
On Sale at 95 cents yard

Figured Floral **Linings**—Values to $1.25
On Sale at 19 cents yard

Silk, Satin, Velvet **Ribbons,** Values to $1.25 yd.
On Sale at 10 cents yard

Trimming **Ornaments—To Clear 5c. each**
Girdles, beaded and braided ornaments

Chamoisette **Gloves—To go at 15c. pair**
2 dome fasteners. Assorted colors.

Long **Kid Gloves—On Sale at 25c. pair**
Sizes 5¾ and 6. Black only.

Women's Cotton Washable **Waists,** Voiles and Dimities—Values to $5—**On Sale at $1.00 each**

Conducted simultaneously in our 22 Big Stores. Re-organization is responsible

We must reduce our stocks in this store by $20,000

We have no Alternative. We have Definite Instructions. Price is to be No Consideration.

A big circular, advertising the major attractions of this sale has been prepared. One has been mailed to you this week. Read its contents carefully. Quick action will be necessary, so be ready! For the first ten days of the Sale, in addition to all other bargains, we have prepared ten super-extraordinary bargains—One for each day and to be had only on day as advertised. Here are "plums" for Thursday (opening days) Friday and Saturday.

On Sale for One Day Only
Thursday, Jan. 5th
Men's and Boys' Overcoats

14 Men's & Boys' Winter Weight Overcoats
Regular $13.95 to $15.00 values

Included in this lot are six Men's heavy lined top-coats, cut in the free fitting ulster model, with half belt back. These are serviceable, warm coats, that were originally priced at $14.95 each.

The eight Boys' Coats are plain Blue Chinchilla, with full length polo lining, ulster style, and two-toned Brown plaid Tweeds in very pleasing patterns. Regular $13.95 and $15.00 values.

Men's sizes 37 and 42. Boys' sizes 31 to 34. For one day only.

On Sale at $9.50 Each

On Sale for One Day Only
Friday, Jan. 6th
News for Home Sewers

300 Yards Beautifully Finished Fugi Silk
Our regular 69c. quality

Home sewers will find this popular silk an exceedingly delightful quality for all purposes. Comes 29 inches wide in a weight that is firm and even in weave.

The color range includes 15 of the smartest shades—Whirlpool, Powder, Wedgewood, Pink, Rosewood, Cerise, Beige, Grey, Orchid, Canary, Salmon, Reseda, Rose, Navy and Black.

On Sale at 39c. per yard

On Sale for One Day Only
Saturday, Jan. 7th
A Rare Treat in Lingerie Value

Six Dozen Side Pleated Rayon Bloomers
Regular $2.50 and $2.75 Lines

These garments are made by one of our foremost lingerie manufacturers, from the finest quality rayon silk procurable. The side pleated treatment is only used in bloomers of better grade. It insures perfect fit and permanent comfort.

Procurable in small, medium and large sizes and in colors of Mauve, Peach, Pink, White, Sunset, Apricot, Platinum, June Rose, Black.

On Sale at $1.79 Pair

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss Mary Nolan spent New Year's in Montreal

Mrs. W. J. Jewell is visiting her mother in Picton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Creighton are visiting her sister in Sudbury for a few weeks.

Mrs. Claude Knight spent last week with friends at St. Catherines.

Miss Isobel Matthews spent New Year's with her sister, Mrs. Herbert McCabe, Consecon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Davis, of Pontiac, Mich., spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Desmore Davis.

Floy McLaughlin spent the latter part of her holidays with her aunt, Mrs. C. L. Gordon, of Kingston.

Miss Hazel VanAlstyne, Clifford spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. VanAlstyne.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroche and Miss Asselstine spent New Years with Judge Deroche and family at Belleville.

Mr. Mellow, of Kingston, has purchased the Webster grocery and took possession on Monday morning.

The Hewson Drug Store is moving across the street to the store lately occupied by Paul's bookstore.

Mr. W. J. Trenouth was in Toronto a few days last week.

Mrs. A. O. Sine and daughter, Neva, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gibson, South Napanee.

Rev. A. H. and Mrs. McGreer, Lennoxville, Que., spent the holidays the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGreer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Garrison, Oshawa, spent the holidays with friends in Napanee.

Rev. A. J. Wilsn spent the holidays with his mother in Buffalo.

Mr. Joseph Madill, Peterboro, was in Napanee last week attending the funeral of his brother, the late John Madill.

Miss Marion G. Roblin, Toronto Normal School, spent the holidays with her parents in Adolphustown.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Moat, Toronto, spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Mr. Thos. McGrath, who has been on the staff of the local branch of the Dominion Bank, has been moved to Montreal.

Mr. Jas. E. Herring, former town clerk of Napanee, was in town a few days last week.

Mrs. George Whitney, of Toronto, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Sanford Loucks, South Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens spent New Year's with their daughter, in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Reilly, Kingston, spent the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Thompson.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

Mr. Hurrel Huffman has purchased the grocery business of McGreer Bros. on the Campbell House corner.

Mr. A. J. Evans, district manager of the Bell Telephone Co., Kingston, left at the first of the year to take over the duties of district manager of the west district of Montreal. Mr. W. R. Northgrave takes over Mr. Evans' duties.

The Minister of Highways announces promotions in the Department of Highways as follows: R. M. Smith, formerly of Napanee becomes Deputy Minister of Highways; W. F. Noonan, also formerly of Napanee, is made engineer in charge of highways from York to Lennox and Addington, with headquarters at Port Hope; H. L. Schermerhorn is appointed engineer for Cornwall, Prescott and Russell, Dundas, Stormont and Glengary.

ITALIAN CITIES GROWING.

Naples Leads In Numbers, But Rome Really Largest, Excluding Suburbs.

The population of the four largest Italian cities, Naples, Milan, Rome and Genoa, according to recent official statistics, was on September 30 last 941,080, 916,000, 850,000, and 612,000 inhabitants, respectively, says the Christian Science Monitor. The considerable increase in the population of Naples, Milan and Genoa is due to the recent aggregation of several adjoining communes to the cities, which resulted in the addition of 107,000 inhabitants to Naples, 120,000 to Milan, and over 230,000 to Genoa.

Strictly speaking, therefore, Rome is the most populous Italian city, and the continued increase in the number of its inhabitants is due to the constant influx of people from other Italian centres. The population of Rome in 1870, when the city was chosen as the new capital of United Italy, was 226,000, so that in less than sixty years it has almost quadruplicated.

Beggar Had Big Hoard.

After the death of an aged beggar the Berlin police searched his rooms and discovered money to the value of more than 150,000 marks in gold, silver and small pieces.

Paris is putting bathrooms in railway stations.

DEATHS

Brown—At Richmond, on Friday, Dec. 30th, 1927, Samuel J. Brown, aged 49 years, 2 months.

Fox—At Ernesttown, on Friday, Dec. 30th, 1927, Charlie W. Fox, aged 68 years 8 months.

Grooms—At Richmond, on Friday, Dec. 30th, 1927, William Nelson Raymond Grooms, aged 44 years.

Snook—At North Fredericksburgh, on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1927, Anetta E. Snok, aged 60 years.

Wayte—At Richmond, on Monday, January 2nd, 1928, George Wayte, aged 80 years, 8 months.

QUALITY OF CANADIAN DEHYDRATED FRUITS

The "Dehydration Committee," composed of officials of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, which was appointed in 1923 to investigate the feasibility of dehydrating Canadian fruit for the market has just published a bulletin giving the results of its work to date. The Committee has been operating two dehydrating plants at Penticton, B.C., and Grimsby, Ontario. The results of the work at these plants show conclusively that certain Canadian fruits when properly matured, graded, and prepared, will make a dehydrated product equal in quality, appearance and value to the very choicest products imported into Canada. More than this, there is no doubt that Canadian fruit, particularly apples and peaches, grown under northern conditions have a flavour which, being retained in dehydration, should make outstanding dehydration products. It is pointed out in the bulletin, however, that the size, maturity, and quality of the fresh fruits used is the determining factor of the quality and possible profits from dehydrated fruit. The bulletin may be obtained from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

WHEN CANNIBALS LOVE.

Can Be as Sentimental as any Lovesick Civilized Youth.

Love among cannibals is much the same in effect as love among civilized peoples, writes Jack McLaren in the London Mail, after having spent many years among the islanders of the South Seas.

Courtship, he says, is not just a matter of knocking the lady on the head with a club and making off with her. A South Seas cannibal can be as sentimental as any love-sick civilized youth.

In one island I came across a fierce-looking savage—he had a bone through his nose and his earlobes were torn and distended into great loops that reached his shoulders—who sat around all day mooning and refusing to eat or join in a big native dance that was on at the time simply because a girl had rejected him. "I don't want a girl who does not want me," he said in effect when I asked why he didn't take a club and grab her according to what I had always supposed to be the custom.

Another fierce-looking person in the same island came to me one day with shining eyes and said he had found love-garland above his door that morning. It might have been put there by any one of half a dozen girls, he said, as he was by way of being a mighty warrior, having killed eight men in his time, and therefore much admired by the ladies of the village. But he hoped most earnestly that it was a cerrtain stout young woman called Erea. He was afraid to ask her, however, and wondered if I would take it upon myself to find out for him. I did, and it was Erea, and I was present at their wedding.

And when it does happen that a girl is carried off there is likely to be no end of trouble if the man is not the one she was particularly interested in. Indeed, it has happened often enough that she has made herself so unpleasant that the sheik-husband has been only too glad to send her back.

But when it is the right man there is a wedding which makes up in feasting, dancing and general jubilation for what it lacks in ceremony as we know it, and everybody is happy.

When it comes to love there is no difference between the most dreadful savage and the most highly-civilized person.

FIERCE FIGHTING WOMEN.

Women Rule In Azerberdzhan While **Men Do Housework.**

In the practically unknown hinterland of Asia lies the ancient kingdom of Azerberdzhan, and one of the peculiarities of the Yassi tribe is that the women are the ruling power, while the men are kept at home to do the housework, says an article in the New York Times.

This tribe is believed to be a fragment of the old race of Avars, who once carried the sword from their domain in Asia as far west as Italy and Germany before their encounter with Charlemagne sent them reeling back in defeat. But the Amazon, it would seem, persists even to the present day, still clinging to her stronghold in the mountains of Asia, whence she emerged, according to the famous Greek myth, to make war on all mankind.

The "Battalion of Death," formed of Russian women, in the World war is a modern example of the Amazonian tradition, but in that instance the female warriors were fighting for their country and not for a kingdom of their own. There have been times, however, when women have sought to attain dominance by a recourse to arms. In Bohemia in the eighth century bands of warrior women sprang up and endeavored to seize the country and proclaim a matriarchate, and as late as the eighteenth century travellers returning from Russia brought reports of communities that consisted exclusively of women.

From the period of Marco Polo until comparatively recent years, tales have been told of fighting women in the Far East, of female palace guards at Bangkok and of troops of Amazons in Bantam and China.

Most Talkative M.P.

The most prolific speaker in the British House of Commons up to the adjournment for the summer recess was Mr. Winston Churchill, whose speeches filled 245 columns of Hansard. Sir Douglas Hogg is second in the list with 222, Mr. Lloyd George third with 168, and Commander Kenworthy fourth with 153 columns. The greatest number of oral questions answered by a Minister was 632, addressed to Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our readers! Prosperity does not always bring happiness, but there is an old saying "Money cannot give happiness, but it wards off a lot of misery." Let us think of what we as women can do to bring prosperity to our home, our community and our country. The women of Eastern Ontario are quite as bright and intelligent and quite as efficient as the women of British Columbia, who are making money from flower bulbs from fruit growing and from the making of gloves in their homes. It was the women of a section of Alberta who found that a certain kind of red clay made pottery that is useful in the home and can be sold to advantage. The women of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island have made thousands of dollars by the rugs they weave in their homes in the long winter evenings and in the little French homes of old Quebec the blue homespun is woven as it was centuries ago, but now it not only clothes the family, but is an attraction to the tourist who buys the product of Madam's loom to wear on the golf courses of the millionaires. The good roads system, the car and the desire to see the world on balloon tires, has brought a large well-to-do public to the doors of the rural home. There is no need for your products to go through many hands before they reach the ones who give you a fair price for your work. The thing for us to do is to find out what our summer visitors want and then to make it and arrange some plan whereby the motorist can see what we have to sell. Why cannot the women of our country share in the profits of the tourist harvest in other ways than opening their homes? People go to Quebec for their homespuns, to Nova Scotia for rugs. Many of them pass along the highways of Ontario to reach these more eastern provinces. What have we to offer them on their way. Let the women of the Institutes put on their thinking caps at once. The time will pass quickly and the spring days will be with us before we realize it.

How many of us still have cards on our mantel piece with a picture of three men mounted on camels riding over a desert under a star-lit sky? The coming of the Wise Men has become part of the Christmas story in our country, but in England the advent of these mysterious men from the East at the cradle of the Infant Christ is kept on the day set apart by the church for its celebration, January 6th, known as The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. From our earliest childhood we wondered at these strange figures wrapped in the enveloping garments of the East. They were the Magi or astrologers, perhaps it was from the door of their tent that they saw the strange star, the same they tell us as appeared in the sky this year at Christmastide. How did they know that they would find One to whom the would offer the gold for a King, the frankinsence for a priest to offer to a god and the myrrh that was for the buriel of the deal? Song and story have kept the Magi in the thoughts of the Christian world at this time, and in the old land "Little Christmas" is a time of rejoicing that the Christ came not to the Jew only, but also to the Gentile.

Just after the holidays, when the children are at school again, mother begins to plan how to keep the older boys and girls at their work and also let them have some amusement. "There are so many parties," said one mother, "I hate to keep them at home, but they are so tired and sleepy the next day that I am sure they can't do good work." Why not have early parties? Here is where the rinks in the towns and the country comes in. Exercise and fun, a light supper and then home to bed. Boys and girls of school age or older are all the better for plenty of exercise in the frosty winter air. It is surprising how few regretable things happen at parties of this kind. It is the hot room, the close air and the jazz band that make the stimulant they fancy they need to give them "pep" acceptable. We have splendid boys and girls in Ontario. Let their elders help them instead of criticising them.

"Better Health," is one of the planks of the platform on which the Women's Institutes stand "For Home and Country." To have better health, the children must have pure milk and to have pure milk we must have the cows that give the milk, free from bovine tuberculosis. Just now the Ontario Department of Agriculture, through its county representatives, is making an effort to have all herds within certain areas, submitted to the bovine tuberculin test. The suggestion has been made to have these areas water-bound to prevent the animals that have been tested becoming infected from others. Dr. Starr, of the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, believes that about ninety per cent. of the children under five years of age who are tubercular, have become so through the milk from infected cows and that sixty per cent. of the children under ten years are victims from the same cause. The people of the district in which the herds will be given the test must show their willingness as a petition is sent out, which must be signed by sixty-seven per cent. of the farmers before acton will be taken. The people in the towns and cities are demanding milk from accredited herds and the American buyers are demanding tested cattle.

The red cranberries for sale in the shops look wonderfully attractive at this time of year. You had cranberry jelly with your Christmas turkey and here is another way you can use this Canadian berry. It is a relish that will taste as nice as it looks. 2 cups of cranberries, ½ an orange, 1 cup of sugar, ¼ cup of raisins, ¼ cup of vinegar, ¼ teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves and cinnamon. Cut the cranberries in halves and add all the ingredients except the spice and cook until thick. The raisins and the orange should be chopped into small pieces. Add the spice and boil five minutes. Put in hot sterilized jars and seal with parafine.

If you have a felt hat of a light shade that is soiled, clean it with a soft rubber erasen and if you want to cut the edge, rub it with a wire brush.

"The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God: As it is written in the prophets, "Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea and they of Jerusalem and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins," (Mark 1, 1-5.

A BIBLE LOVER.

FIGHTS 18 YEARS TO GET RID OF GAS

"I had stomach trouble for 18 years. Since taking Adlerika I feel better than for years and have not been bothered with gas." —L. A. Champion.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and often removes astonishing amount of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing,
Furnace Work,
Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.
Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaton's.